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By the men . . . for the men in the service

7th Division Veterans Compare Three Campaigns

PAGES 2, 3 & 4

KWAJALEIN: Jan. 31–Feb. 5, 1944

LEYTE: Oct. 20, 1944–

By Cpl. TOM O'BRIEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 7TH DIVISION ON LEYTE—For wisdom in Pacific warfare, GIs of the 7th Infantry Division easily share the head of the class. The liberation of Leyte is their third lesson in a long combat course covering islands in the North, Central and Western Pacific.

It took them 21 days to wipe the Japs off Attu in the Aleutians.

They helped crush Kwajalein in the Jap-mandated Marshalls in six days.

Now, on Leyte, the division is chalking up the last of three campaigns that differ in terrain and combat tactics as widely as the thousands of miles separating them on the map. Almost the only thing that Attu, Kwajalein and Leyte have in common is the name of the ocean that washes their beaches.

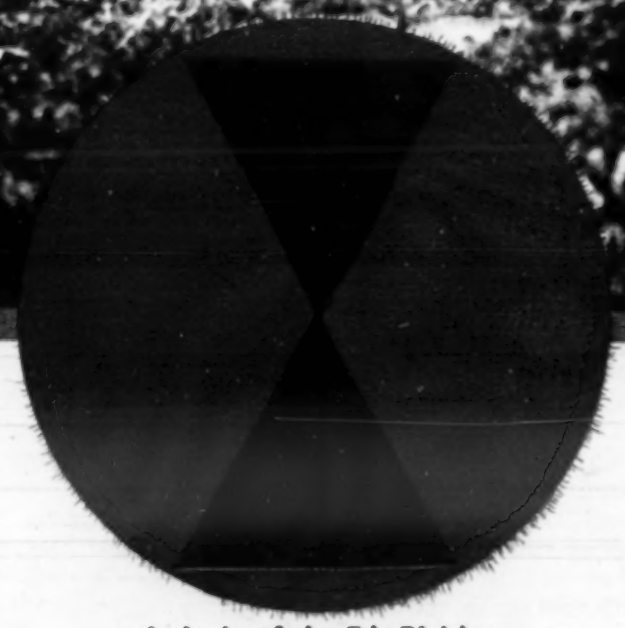
Veterans of all three assaults rate the Battle of Attu as the toughest and remember it for the ice and snow, the constant cold and discomfort. From there they shipped to Hawaii, turning up on Jan. 31, 1944, on Kwajalein, which they call a picnic because, after six days of battle, they were headed back for Honolulu. Leyte, a battle that started Oct. 20, 1944, and has demanded continual plodding through dust, mud and jungle swamp, they rate as the most daring.

The 17th and 32d Infantry Regiments of the 7th Division invaded Attu's treeless crags and tundra quagmire on May 11, 1943, after 75 days of highly specialized combat training—in motorized warfare on California's Mojave Desert. The fog was so thick that they didn't see the land until they actually hit it. Visibility was zero 30 feet above the ground.

GIs of the 7th Division would be the first to admit they were dressed more suitably for a mild Stateside winter than an Aleutian spring. Fog,

ATTU, KWAJALEIN, LEYTE—

VETERANS OF THE 7th DIVISION COMPARE THREE CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE JAPS.



Insignia of the 7th Division.

frostbite and the memory of some poor dogface with swollen and discolored "immersion feet," crawling around on his hands and knees make Attu synonymous with misery in the minds of practically every man in the division. They say they'd rather take a crack at anything else in the world except another performance in the Aleutians under the same conditions.

S/Sgt. Roque Comaduran of Los Angeles, Calif., who received the Silver Star on Attu for reestablishing communications between elements of his 32d Regiment, said that Leyte and the Aleutians are different in every way.

"It was cold there, hot here," he said. "You could never get entirely dry there. Here the rain and sun swap off. Best thing about Leyte is that now and then you get a chance to bathe in a river and hop into dry clothes."

T/Sgt. Robert McGrath of Grand Rapids, Mich., was emphatic about his dislike for Attu: "This is much better than the Aleutians. Up there you had to carry everything on your back. Here the roads may be muddy, but trucks do finally make it with supplies. We get our barracks bags here, and a change of clothing. On Leyte it's just fighting the Japs, not the weather, too."

Capt. Mervin Elliott of New York City, S-3 of the 17th, is one of the few who preferred Attu.

"There was no disease there," he said, "plenty of good drinking water, and bodies never stank. Or maybe it's because I like cold and hate heat."

On the other hand, Lt. Col. Francis T. Pachler of Tampa, Fla., CO of the 17th, said he doubted there could be a tougher battlefield than Attu.

"The Japs advanced and retreated with the fog line and used strategic heights to their advantage," he said. "Kwajalein was a strategist's dream. There the Japs were pounded, and they fought like cornered rats. Here on Leyte they've also tried to make nature work to their advantage. Our tanks have been a great help in knocking out strong pockets here, but a tank can't cross a river without a bridge or navigate a swamp."

THE men of the 17th Infantry bore the brunt of the Jap counterattacks during the first week of the fighting on Leyte. The battle of the stone bridge, the 17th's last obstacle before it took the town of Dagami, was one of the fiercest engagements of the early part of the campaign.

"We never met anything like it, either on Attu or Kwajalein," said Capt. Elliott. "The Japs had destroyed all the bridges between Burauen and Dagami. Engineers worked under fire to rebuild the bridges so the tanks could move up. The Japs figured they had us where they wanted us. They had 42 pillboxes in the area on both sides of the road. Between the road and their positions on either side were 400-yard stretches of waist-deep swamp. Our men had to wade in for a frontal attack. The 17th's casualties were highest in the sector 6,000 yards from Dagami."

The Japs pulled their most devilish trick in the cemetery outside Dagami, Lt. Col. Pachler said.

"They opened the graves and the crypts in the old Filipino burying ground and made each one into a pillbox," the colonel said. "Our CP for the night was set up only 75 yards away. One company had already marched through the cemetery and another was halfway through the place when the shooting began. The shots seemed to come from nowhere. Weeds and grass were 10 feet high, so that we didn't know where the Japs were until one jumped out of his grave, waving a sword."

"We saw what was up then," said Capt. Charles Frazee of Portland, Oreg., CO of K Company, the outfit that got caught in the cemetery. "A tomb opened up and four Japs fired at once. I lost a platoon leader, and four other men were wounded. Other graves opened and the confusion in the 100-yard-square cemetery was awful."

The CP radioed the operator of K Company, Pfc. Roy Alvis of Kane, Ill., and asked: "Are the Japs breaking through our lines?" Alvis' reply is now famous in the regiment: "Hell, no. We've gone through theirs and are fighting for our own bivouac."

"We had to call up flame throwers to get the Japs out of their graves," said Alvis. "It seemed pretty weird to be fighting for our lives under images of Christ on the Crucifix in a cemetery. There was no peace for the dead that night."

LEYTE has provided Japs with types of hide-outs that didn't exist on Attu and Kwajalein. On Leyte they hide in the huts of the Filipinos, often building strong pillboxes under the flooring. Pfc. Allen Ray of Corpus Christi, Tex., and Sgt. Ken Twiss of Denver, Colo., had to ram their way into one such Jap fortification.

"My squad was out rolling wire when a Filipino told me a Jap had gone into a hut," Twiss said. "I told the men to go ahead with their work. I thought Ray and a Filipino and I could find the hut and capture the Jap. We came to the hut, got a beam and rammed it against the door several times. There wasn't a sound from inside.

"Finally the door gave way and we burst in to find not one but four Japs, armed only with one rifle and three bayonets. Why the one with the rifle didn't shoot, I'll never know. They were all as skinny as if they hadn't had a bowl of rice in a week. One guy was yelling: 'SOS Tokyo.' He had the right idea, but Tokyo didn't answer."

Sgt. James Madison of Susanville, Calif., a pla-

toon leader in the 17th, says the Jap ground defenses on Leyte haven't been as solid as those on Attu and Kwajalein. The pillboxes at the stone bridge, for example, were made of coconut logs. "We haven't run into any made of concrete, as we did on Attu and Kwajalein," he said. "The coconut type are tough, though—all connected by deep trenches so the Japs can run back and forth, concentrating firepower where they need it most. But once a pillbox falls, the whole damned system seems to break down."

The Japs pulled a fast one on the beach here. Their foxholes were longer than they appeared to be. For the first few hours on A-Day, our soldiers looked into the dugouts and passed on when they saw a dead Jap inside. In the afternoon other Japs came from the rear of the tunnels and played havoc with our crowded beachhead.

OPINIONS about the kind of resistance put up by the Japs on Leyte varied. In Capt. Elliott's opinion, they are as smart as the Jap forces on Attu, and he pointed to their successful delaying action that made possible the last-ditch stand at Ormoc. But other officers said that the way the Japs abandoned trucks and equipment indicated full retreat rather than planned withdrawal.

"The funniest sight yet was a 1941-model American 6-by-6 truck loaded with our own M1 ammunition," said Lt. Col. William B. Moore of Milledgeville, Ga. "The Japs undoubtedly brought it here from Luzon and abandoned it when the going got tough."

S/Sgt. Leland Larson of Vina, Calif., said the Japs here have been inconsistent. Sometimes they have fought like hell to save a string of pillboxes; other times they have given up as soon as the first one fell.

"I've seen Japs throw down their rifles and run," said Larson, "but I've seen only one Jap actually surrender on Leyte. He stood up in his spider hole with his hands in the air. Usually they run until they're shot down."

Sgt. Madison, whom Lt. Col. Moore calls a natural fighter and leader, put it more pointedly: "These Japs here—they're dumber than at Attu and the Marshalls. If these are the best troops Tokyo has, the rest of the war can't be too terrible."

But Madison didn't underestimate the hazards here. "It's tough going at times without tanks," he said. "Whenever it's possible, we wait for them. Otherwise it's up to GIs, guts, guns and sharpshooting."

And Sgt. Comaduran added: "This has been a sniper's paradise. Jap pillboxes are so well hidden that you can't help bypassing them. Then snipers turn up in swamps and cornfields behind our lines. We've lost a lot of men that way."

Lt. Robert J. Mitchell of Casper, Wyo., reported that Jap machine gunners here have concentrated on a daisy-high range. "Their style," he said, "is to hide out in tall grass and shoot from ground level. A great many of our casualties have been hit from the hips down."

As on Attu and Kwajalein, the Japs have used land mines here with some success, particularly on airfield approaches. They have used primed 100-pound bombs in series. And wiring bodies of their dead to snare souvenir hunters is still a favorite device.

Men of the 7th Division have also seen their first Jap airplanes on Leyte. Jap planes from Paramushiru tried twice to help the doomed Attu garrison, but fighters from Amchitka and our naval screen of ack-ack drove the raiders off both times before they could bomb our ground positions. Strafing is something new to the 7th, but one regiment is credited with bringing down a Zero with rifle fire near San Pablo.

Lt. Mitchell displayed wood- and paper-pointed bullets which the Japs have been using. "The paper bullets are fired over our heads," he said. "They explode with a sharp pop. You naturally look in that direction, which is the wrong one, and the Jap sniper has time for a pot shot."

The Japs have used all types of weapons on Leyte: old Enfields issued by the U. S. to the Philippine Army, '03s, .45s, German guns and some Belgian makes. On Leyte they have also taken BARs and rifles from American dead.

Lt. Col. John M. Finn of McCoy, Oreg., commander of the 32d Infantry, said some Japs have stripped our dead and have gone around behind our lines disguised as Americans. He told of two Jap officers and five men who sneaked into the outskirts of San Pablo, captured by the Americans two weeks before. In the night they marched single file down the highway until a guard challenged them. Then they split and dropped into ditches on either side of the road. A BAR man and a machine gunner raked the roadsides. All the Japs were dead when the sun came up.

THE problems of the artillery, like those of the infantry, naturally varied from island to island, according to Capt. O. M. Doerflinger of New York, N. Y., and Capt. James E. Grasse of Rock Springs, Wyo.

Capt. Doerflinger, who was an artillery S-2 and forward observer on Attu, put it this way:

"Our 48th and 49th Field Artillery landed four batteries in Massacre Bay and two in the Holtz Bay sector. It was like stacking the guns on mush. The 105s bogged down as soon as we hit the beach and we had to throw old ammo boxes and crates under them, or else the recoil would have sunk them deeper and deeper. The top tundra peeled off like wet skin and left knee-deep mud. The only way we could travel was to tug the guns up a gravelly creek bed with tractors.

"Visibility was okay when the fog lifted—but we never knew when it was going to lift. It was all up to our forward observers to get proper range for guns on the beach. Base-point firing was the only method possible. Most of the time we were firing at high angle, often more than 45 degrees. It took some shots as long as 55 seconds to reach the objective.

"The Jap artillery held the heights at first and shelled us without being detected in the fog. But when the fog did lift enough for us to see the Japs' positions, we had a field day."

Just before the pay-off, when the Japs were sweating out their last hours in Chichagof Harbor, both main American artillery positions were tossing 105s straight up in the air to drop over mountain ridges into the Japs' laps. The range then was 9,500 yards—mostly up and down.

Infantry cannon companies had their hardest work during the last 10 days of the battle. Teams of 30 and 40 men tugged 75-mm pack howitzers up the mountains. The howitzers were manned by infantrymen and directed by artillery observers.

"We also had auxiliary fire from destroyers offshore," said Capt. Doerflinger. "Once when we were behind the enemy and calling for action in the middle, a tin can radioed: 'We see people moving on a ridge up there. Shall we blast 'em?' We called back in a hurry: 'Lay off. That's us.'

"Now on Kwajalein—that was an artilleryman's dream. All our units—the 48th, 49th, 31st, 57th and an attached battalion—were landed on Carlson Island before the Kwajalein assault began. Our 155s and 105s were in perfect range, and together with the naval shelling, we gave the whole place a terrific pasting from end to end. We laid down 180 tons on a beachhead 300 yards deep and 600 yards long."

Beautiful as Kwajalein may have been for them, the 7th Division gunners feel that on Leyte the artillery has been used the first time as it should be.

"The grid system has worked perfectly," said Capt. Grasse, a liaison officer between the 49th FA and the 32d Infantry. "Piper Cubs observing the enemy positions have been a great help. I believe the greatest contribution of artillery here on Leyte has been the protective barrage. It tells the Japs they can't come any closer and keeps them jittery all the time."

Capt. Grasse said the artillery's biggest trouble on Leyte has been the speed with which the infantry advanced. "It's tough to keep up with them with the guns," he said.

QM troops of the 7th Division had their toughest time on Attu. They have a saying that goes: "On your back at Attu, on the reef at Kwajalein—and in the trucks, where supplies belong, on Leyte."

The division lost layer after layer of supplies in the muddy beach at Attu. There was no way of keeping heavy boxes above the quagmire.

"Every box of ammunition and food had to be carried by hand," said T/Sgt. Raymond Schmidt of Los Angeles, Calif. "After a while we used Athey trailers hitched to our biggest tractors to drag supplies along creek beds as far as possible. From there on it was pack trains, one man to a box, trudging up the sides of cliffs."

T/Sgt. Ernest A. O'Brien of Philadelphia, Pa., said the only difficulty at Kwajalein came from the reef. "Everything had to be handled at least twice," he said. "Supplies from transports and LSTs had to be shifted to ducks and LCVPs at the reef. We didn't land much stuff at Kwajalein, fortunately. Two AKAs returned to Pearl Harbor without unloading a single can of C rations."

On Leyte everything has been going according to mainland QM methods. The roads are not always the best, but a skillful driver rarely gets stuck. Leyte's beaches were good enough so that LSTs could unload directly on shore.

The QM had no casualties on Attu and only one on Kwajalein, when a man sat down to eat without looking and speared himself on a bayonet. Casualties have been heaviest on Leyte, in spite of the easy avenues of supply. On the night of A-plus-five a Jap bomber scored a direct hit in the QM area. Trucks, supplies and four years of QM records were destroyed. Thirteen men were killed and 50 wounded.

Burial of our own and enemy dead has been part of the job of QM outfits in all three campaigns. It's been toughest on Leyte.

"On Attu," said Cpl. Edward Stratton of Nashville, Tenn., "a body was as good as ever after 30 days, only it couldn't walk."

On Kwajalein almost all the bodies were Japs; only 157 Americans lost their lives.

On Leyte the interment of the dead has been handled for the 7th Division by a Negro service company, the 3360 QM, commanded by Lt. Lee A. Banash of Boston, Mass.

"This was their first combat assignment," the lieutenant said, "and they've done a rugged job very well. It's not pleasant to recover the bodies of our men from the front lines after two or three days in this heat. I believe every man in the outfit was sick during the first week."

EACH of the three operations has given the 7th Division signalmen its own kind of trouble.

"On Attu most of our communication was by radio," said WO F. L. Nofer of Arcadia, Calif. "Our wires became waterlogged and shorted out. The men had to climb cliffs with 80-pound reels on their backs." Nofer was a private on Attu and a T-3 on Kwajalein.

At Kwajalein wire was strung across the reef. Men had to swim underwater along with a raft and peel off the wire.

On Leyte, the signalmen—who laid more than 200 miles of telephone wire in their first 15 days—have run into the natural hazards of the old maneuver days. Trucks, tanks and tractors rip up wire along the roads. Patrols are kept busy all the time patching wires.

"These Filipino carabaos—water buffaloes—have given us a bad time," said M/Sgt. Fred R. Thompson of Terre Haute, Ind. "They get tangled up in the wire and rip it all to hell."

Combat engineers on the first three waves at Kwajalein ran into their toughest problems when they were carrying satchel charges and flame throwers. On Leyte it has been largely a job of rebuilding bridges—and there are plenty of coconut trees around for that. "That makes it different from Attu," said Cpl. Vaughn Hunes of Bunkerhill, Kans. "There were no trees for roads or bridges on Attu. Just mud and snow."

The 7th Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop has two Presidential citations to its credit—one for Attu, one for Kwajalein. The troop, led by Capt. Paul B. Gritta of Galveston, Tex., landed before the main assault waves on Attu, and in the Marshalls was the first American force to capture pre-war Jap territory. On Leyte the recon troops broke trail for later outfits and were the first to reach the western side of the island.

"This is our best job so far," said Pvt. Howard R. Fry of Eureka, Calif. "Most of us recon boys don't feel the heat. We'd hate to think of going back to Attu."

The 7th Medical Battalion also came away from Attu with honors—a distinguished-unit citation for aiding and evacuating wounded under fire.

Present CG of the 7th Division is Maj. Gen. Arch V. Arnold, who headed the artillery staff on Attu. Brig. Gen. Joseph L. Ready is the assistant division commander, and Brig. Gen. Leroy Stewart commands the division's artillery.

Cpl. James A. Marshall of Chicago, Ill., summed up the opinions of most of the division, from the higher brass on down, about the relative merits of the three campaigns:

"Good drinking water is the best thing you can pin on Attu. Kwajalein was a breeze. And Leyte wouldn't be half bad, if we knew when it would be all over in the Philippines.

"There's still a lot of road ahead."

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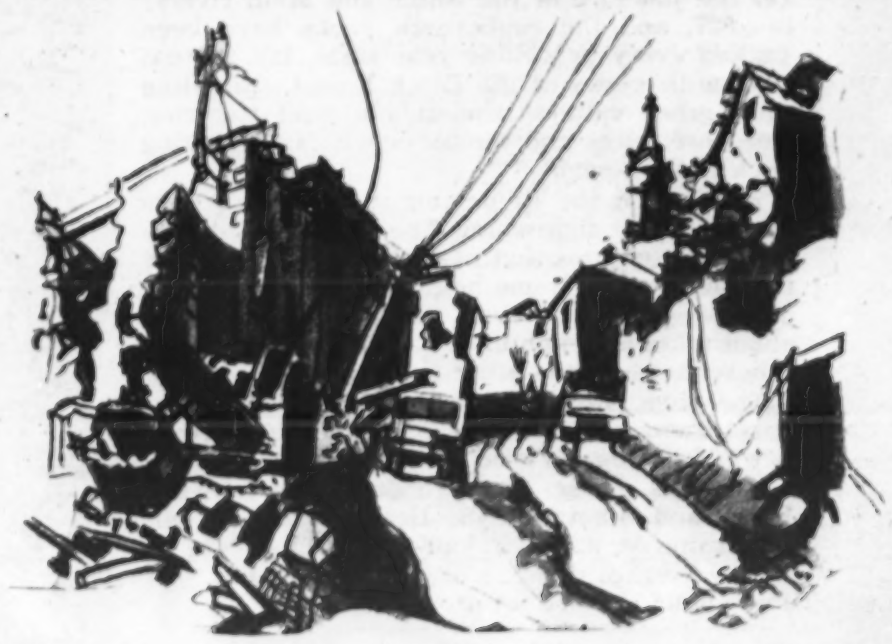
Italian Artery

A lifeline pumping supplies to the Fifth Army in Italy is Highway 65. It runs from Florence through the Futa Pass over foggy Apennine peaks to the plains of Emilia. Day and night, military transport of every description moves over its length. Pvt. David Shaw, YANK staff artist, gives his impressions on this page.

CONTINUOUS TRAFFIC IS HARD ON MACADAM. REPAIR CREWS ARE ALWAYS BUSY.

MP TELLS A TRUCK, MOVING TO THE REAR, TO TURN UP ITS LIGHTS.

BOGGED HOWITZER MUST BE MOVED FROM ITS RUT TO THE ROAD.



MONGHIDORO, A TYPICAL LIBERATED VILLAGE ON HIGHWAY 65.

Into the

Here is a glimpse of Germany's industrial and cultural heart, the area where our forces are now engaged in what may be a decisive battle in the west.

THERE'S a famous old story about a German farmer who, back in 1934, sent to a mail-order house on the Rhine for a cream separator. Later he wrote to the manufacturer saying: "I must be doing something wrong, because every time I put my cream separator together according to the enclosed instructions, it comes out a light machine gun."

Now, in those days the Rhineland was supposed to be demilitarized. The Versailles Treaty said so. And Germany was still trying to keep people from finding out she was making guns on the sly.

Funny little stories like the one about the cream separator may have given other countries an inkling of what Germany was doing, but Hitler himself shook off all secrecy when, on Mar. 7, 1936, he ordered troops into the Rhineland.

At the time, that was considered a risky thing for Hitler to do, but when you take a look at what the area means to Germany, you'll see why he did it and why the combined combat and supply forces of 2,500,000 Allied and Nazi troops are now engaged along the 300-mile Rhineland front from Holland to Switzerland.

For the average German, the Rhine River is a symbol of industrial wealth, political vigor and military strength. Germans also have powerful sentimental feelings about the river itself, the same kind of feeling that Americans have for the Statue of Liberty. The Rhine has been celebrated in song and poetry since the days of Julius Caesar, who established his Roman boundary there and knew the river's military worth as well as Gen. Eisenhower and the German general staff know it. Centuries of warfare have proved that the Rhine is one of the toughest barriers in the world to crack, and this fact has given the Germans a great sense of security, especially since Napoleon was driven back into France in 1813.

In times of peace, no river in the world attracted more tourists than the Rhine. It springs from three glacier-fed streams in the Swiss Alps and flows through Lake Constance in Switzerland and on in a northwesterly course into Germany. Eight hundred miles from its source, it empties into the North Sea through three mouths in Holland. As it flows through the Reich, the Rhine first forms the border between France and the German state of Baden. Then it separates the Saarland state from Baden and Rhenish Hesse, becomes the boundary between the states called Rheinland and Nassau, and finally cuts squarely through Rheinland and passes into Holland at the town of Emmerich, Germany. The Rhineland includes not only the single province of Rheinland, but all of the area within those five German states drained by the Rhine River and its main tributaries, among them the Moselle, the Main, the Saar and the Ruhr. The Saar and Ruhr basins are Germany's most important industrial areas.

The Ruhr area, in the northern part of Rheinland, surpasses the Saar, 40 miles east of Metz, France, in the manufacture of steel for tanks and guns and in the production of coal.

Regular tourist steamer traffic began between the cities of Cologne (in Rheinland) and Mainz (at the juncture of the Rhine and Main rivers) in 1827, and the rubberneck decks have been packed every peacetime year since. It's a great ride, with views of the Black Forest, sprawling little green valleys, cement and steel factories, steep precipices and tumble-down castles dating back to the Romans.

Tourists on the Rhine this season won't have much time for sightseeing. The same natural geographical features that make the Rhine beautiful to look at make it one hell of a place to fight an offensive war. The river itself is so big it just about takes an amphibious task force to establish a beachhead on the other side.

The river varies in width from 200 yards at Basel, Switzerland, to 500 yards at the Dutch frontier and averages a good quarter-mile throughout most of its course. At the widest point, between Mainz and Bingen on the Hesse-Nassau border, the Rhine is about a half-mile from shore to shore. Average depth is around 28 feet, but near Dusseldorf the bottom drops to 80 feet.

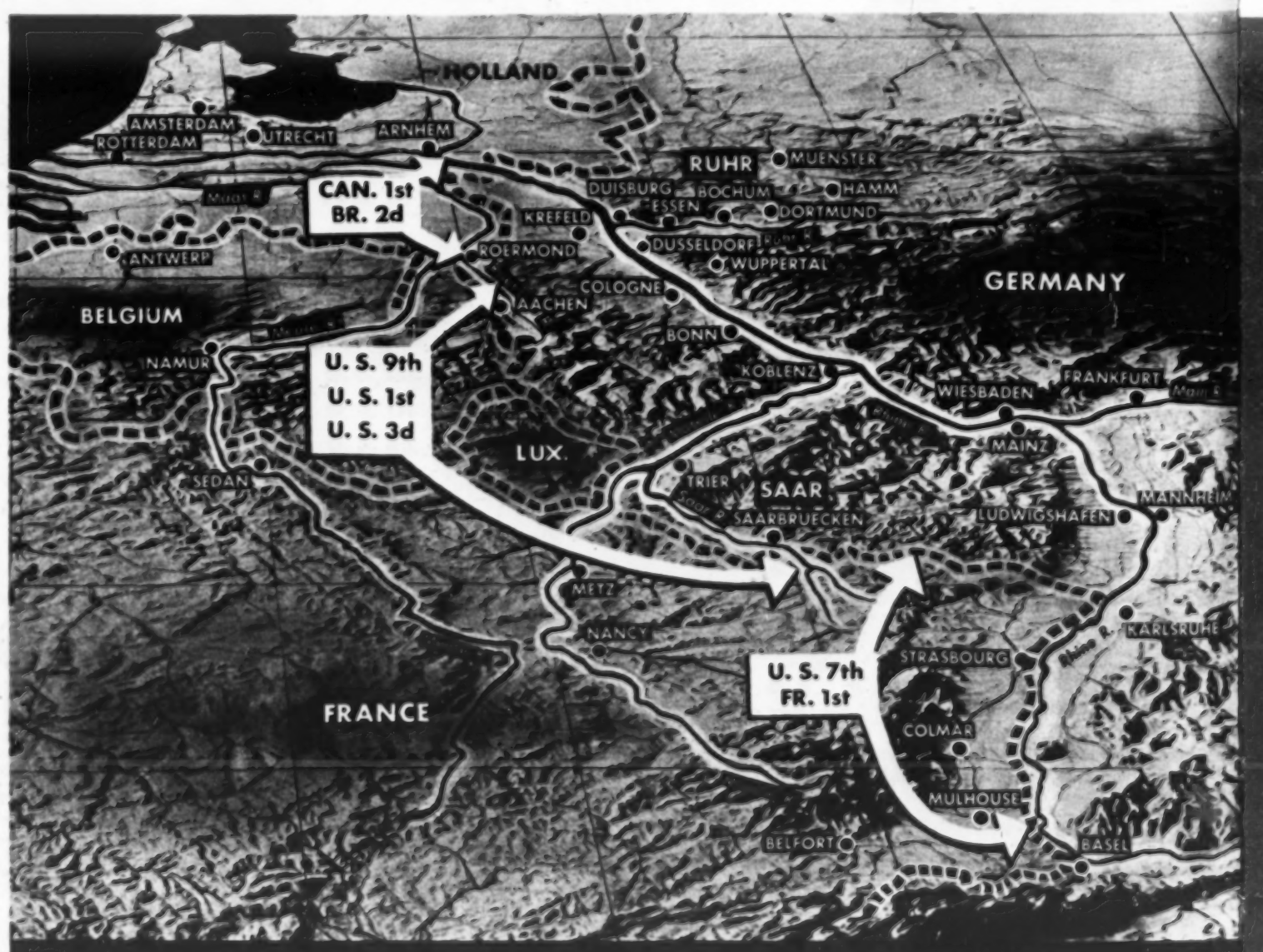
This was the Rhineland at the end of the last war with Yanks of the AEF patrolling its streets.

The climate along the Rhine is generally no worse than anywhere else in Europe, and it rarely gets cold enough for the river to freeze over. In mountainous sections the timber line goes clear up to 4,000 feet. The Upper Rhine, around Baden, the warmest section of Germany, is dotted with chestnut forests, cornfields, tobacco plantations and hot mineral springs that are supposed to cure everything from bellyache to gout.

Gen. Eisenhower has said that the Allied objective on the Western Front is not the occupation of enemy territory but the destruction of the German armies. And it may be that the German armies themselves are committed to risking destruction rather than retreat, because loss of the Rhineland would be the worst blow to their industrial and tactical position they could suffer.

From Holland to Switzerland, the valley of the Rhine is the most heavily populated area on the Continent. Before the war, more than 7 million Germans lived there. Most of them were squeezed into the triangle from Cologne to Duisburg (both on the Rhine) to Essen (north of the Ruhr)—an area roughly equal to the triangle marked off by Toledo, Ohio, and Ann Arbor and Detroit, Mich. Here German workers produced 67 percent of their nation's annual coal output, 80 percent of its coke, 60 percent of its pig iron, 59 percent of its steel ingots and castings, and 60 percent of all special steels such as go into weapons and war-plant machinery.

Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering foresaw long ago how hazardous it was to have Germany's main wartime production all squashed into such a comparatively small and vulnerable area. He ordered a mass shifting of industries eastward to



Map shows Rhineland cities menaced by Allied arms. They are the industrial heart of Germany.

Rhineland

Today there are Yanks in the Rhineland again. These infantrymen move through the town of Alsdorf.

the Magdeburg-Wittenberg region, but the pace of production stepped up so high after war broke out that the Ruhr's percentage of the total output was still nearly equal to the pre-war ratio.

There were 2,900 miles of railroads in the province of Rheinland before the war. That trackage has been supplemented heavily, but even so, the figure wouldn't be impressive compared with the traffic of the gigantic system of inland waterways that hinge on the Rhine River. Before the war there were 18,000 vessels hauling freight on 7,000 miles of rivers and canals in Germany. Most of that fleet of barges and tugs was floating cargo out of the Rhineland.

This intricate canal network makes it possible to start on the Rhine and travel entirely by water to Budapest, Hungary, or Berlin.

Duisburg-Ruhrort, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Ruhr, was one of the largest river ports in the world, and with wartime expansion may be the largest. Cologne, less than 50 miles upstream from Duisburg, is the third largest city in Germany. (Berlin and Hamburg are first and second.) It's the home of *Eau de Cologne*—the Germans call it *Koelnischer Wasser*—but the smell of molten steel and gunpowder is just as strong in Cologne as it is in Essen, home of the famous Krupp munitions works.

All of the Rhineland is protected by the Westwall, the defense-in-depth system of fortifications commonly called the Siegfried Line, which is not a line at all. It is a system of great forts, surrounded by little forts, surrounded by pillboxes—all guarded by a continuous no-man's-land of tank barriers, moats, tank traps and land mines. Most of the forts are concrete. There are probably more than 25,000 main blockhouses and pillboxes in the system, which stretches northward from Switzerland with the principal strength on the east bank of the Rhine until the line reaches the Saarland. From there north to Arnhem in Holland, the Westwall broadens to include fortifications many miles in depth on both banks of the river, with the Rhine itself used as the main obstacle.

The fortifications are manned according to the old German strategy of lightly held forward positions, with one or two battle zones and a reserve zone behind. Still farther to the rear are troops held in reserve for a counterattack in case of a break-through. All this means that as Allied troops penetrate or destroy prepared fortifications, they will meet stronger rather than weaker manpower in the path of their advance.

And, although capturing ground is not our objective, it may be necessary for our armies to do so in order to destroy the defending armies. If the Germans elect to fight city by city to the banks of the Rhine, across the river, and on beyond the Rhineland itself, the GIs who captured Aachen will know the kind of fighting they and the other Allied troops will face. They will have to conquer and occupy two cities larger than San Francisco, two others larger than Louisville, Ky., another the size of Omaha, Nebr., and 10 more that outrank South Bend, Ind., in population.

As the battle stands now, our most spectacular mileage gains have been made through the age-old scrimmage fields of Alsace-Lorraine to the Rhine itself at Strasbourg, France. This is the sector in which the French First and U. S. Seventh Armies squeezed a trap on perhaps 50,000 Germans in the Vosges Mountains. German troops defending Strasbourg were forced to retreat across the river, where they took up positions in the Black Forest. Forcing the Rhine here means tree-to-tree combat in the mountainous Black Forest. GIs who pushed through the Huertgen Forest farther north in the Aachen-Cologne sector know what kind of warfare that demands.

Troops of the U. S. Third Army, shoving forward on the slate ridges of the Moselle-Saar front beyond Metz, are on better fighting ground, but here the Rhine itself is farthest from our advance positions, and every foot of the way undoubtedly has fortifications of the type that stalled us so long at Metz. From the city of Saarbruecken, our first objective in Saarland, to the Rhine is more than 60 miles at the closest point.

The real Sunday punch apparently is directed farther downstream—meaning farther north—where the U. S. Ninth and First Armies had to inch through the wooded hills and cantankerous little streams that flush into the great Cologne plain to the Rhine and the Ruhr valley.

The Americans were only 50 miles from the Rhine when they started the big drive from Aachen. There are four good bridges at Cologne. It's a principal railway junction and the hub of Fritz Todt's Rhineland network of *autobahnen*, super-highways where trucks can really roll. Most important, the region immediately before Cologne has the poorest natural defenses on the Western Front.

Even if the Germans decide to put up a rear-guard battle all the way across the country, Allied troops in the Cologne sector will have overcome rougher terrain than they'll find beyond the Rhine. From Cologne to Berlin is 310 miles of rolling valley lands, and there is no barrier in between comparable to the Rhine River itself.

ALLIED BATTLE LINE-UP IN THE WEST

TWENTY-FIRST ARMY GROUP

Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery, commanding.

Includes Canadian First Army commanded by Gen. H. D. G. Crerar and British Second Army commanded by Lt. Gen. Sir Miles C. Dempsey, and made up of the following units:

Canadian 2d Infantry Division, Canadian 3d Infantry Division, Canadian 4th Armored Division, Polish 1st Armored Division, Belgian Brigade, Czech Brigade, Dutch Brigade, British Guards Armored Division, British 7th Armored Division, British 11th Armored Division, British 3d Infantry Division, British 15th Infantry Division, British 43d Infantry Division, British 49th Infantry Division, British 50th Infantry Division, British 51st Infantry Division, British 53d Infantry Division and British 59th Infantry Division.

TWELFTH ARMY GROUP

Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, commanding.

Includes U. S. Ninth Army commanded by Lt. Gen. William H. Simpson, U. S. First Army commanded by Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges and U. S. Third Army commanded by Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr.

Ninth Army Units. 2d Armored Division; 29th, 30th and 102d Infantry Divisions, organized in the XIX Corps.

First Army Units. 3d and 5th Armored Divisions, and 1st, 2d, 4th, 8th, 9th, 28th, 38th and 104th Infantry Divisions, organized in the V, VII and VIII Corps.

Third Army Units. 4th, 6th and 10th Armored Divisions, and 5th, 26th, 35th, 80th, 90th and 95th Infantry Divisions, organized in the XII and XX Corps.

SIXTH ARMY GROUP

Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, commanding.

Includes U. S. Seventh Army commanded by Lt. Gen. Alexander M. Patch and the French First Army commanded by Maj. Gen. Jean de Lattre de Tassigny.

Seventh Army Units. French 2d Armored Division and the U. S. 3d, 36th, 44th, 45th, 79th, 100th and 103d Infantry Divisions, organized in the VI and XV Corps.

French First Army Units. French 1st Armored Division, French 1st Motorized Division, Moroccan 2d Infantry Division, Colonial 9th Infantry Division and Algerian 3d Infantry Division.

ALLIED FIRST AIRBORNE ARMY

Lt. Gen. Lewis H. Brereton, commanding.

Includes the U. S. 82d and 101st Airborne Divisions, the British 1st and 6th Airborne Divisions and the Polish Airborne Brigade.

ANNOUNCED IN ACTION BUT NOT PLACED

7th Armored Division and 94th Infantry Division.

(Other units may be in action but their presence in western Europe had not been disclosed by Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force, when this list was prepared.)

This Week's Cover

FOR Christmas, Sgt. George Baker has given us a Sad Sack who holds the bag even on Christmas Eve. Of course it's a brigadier's bag, the bag of Santa Claus, but it's none the less a bag for that. From the size of Gen. Claus' corporation, the Sack will wind up drawing the chimney-climbing detail, too.

PHOTO CREDITS. 2—Upper, Signal Corps; lower, Pfc. George Burns. 3—Navy. 6—INS. 7—Signal Corps. 8—Left, Grumman Aircraft; right, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 9—Lower center, Sperry Gyroscope; others, Sgt. Ghio. 10—Grumman Aircraft. 11—Sgt. Bill Young. 12 & 13—Signal Corps. 18—Upper, Signal Corps, Camp Forrest, Tenn.; lower, AAFTC, Harlingen, Tex. 19—Upper, AAFTC, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; center, PRO, Camp Kilmer, N. J.; lower, Signal Corps, Fort McClellan, Ala. 20—MGM. 23—Lower left, 2d AAF; lower center and right, AAFTC; all others, PA.

This is a Hellcat center section Florence Bruns is drilling at Grumman Aircraft.

WOMEN in INDUSTRY

At Sunnyside yards, Mrs. Clara Rothner, passenger-car inspector, makes adjustment.

Will the gal who has your job keep on working after the war or does she think her place is in the home? The answer seems to vary with the lady in question.

By Cpl. MARGARET DAVIS
YANK Staff Writer

THERE are about 5 million women now employed in almost every industry throughout the U. S. who have taken their jobs since the war began, and there are just about 5 million discussions going on as to whether they're going to keep their jobs after the war is over and the men come back home.

A lot of surveys have been made on the subject, but they seem to come out both yes and no. The American Legion Auxiliary, for instance, made such a survey in 26 states. That one concluded that 68 percent of the women in industry, when their jobs making bombs and jeeps end, were planning to quit and would start making babies and homes; 27 percent wanted to hold on to their jobs; the rest hadn't made up their minds.

But a survey conducted in Indianapolis, Ind., showed that 68 percent of the women in industry there wanted to keep their jobs after the war. Then, there was a meeting in New York recently where the subject of women in industry was discussed by a lot of authorities. Mrs. Warwick Hobart, who is the adviser to the Director of Civilian Employment in the office of the Secretary of War, said she believes most women will go back to their homes.

Mary Anderson, who is director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, was at the same meeting. She is also an expert on the subject. Miss Anderson said that four of the five million women who have taken jobs since 1940 will want jobs after the war.

Miss Anderson put total employment of women in 1940 at 11,000,000 and early in 1944 at 16,000,000. Some estimates are higher.

Another person who has given a great deal of consideration to the subject is Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines of the Office of War Mobilization. Gen. Hines says that two-thirds of the women employed in industry will "withdraw from the labor market" after the war.

All this was somewhat confusing, so I went out to see what the women themselves thought and what their bosses thought.

It seems to me, after talking to women in all sorts of jobs—in war-plant precision work, in banks and butcher shops, on railroads, trolley lines and newspapers—that those who think two-thirds of the women will quit their jobs after the war are closer to the truth.

Take Mrs. Rose Russo of Long Island City, N. Y., for instance. Mrs. Russo is what is called a "power pusher" in the Sunnyside yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad. She's been married for two years and five months to Cpl. Anthony Russo, who's now in France, and who has been overseas for two years.

Mrs. Russo stared in astonishment when she was asked what she planned to do at the end of the war. "What'll I do?" she asked. "Why, I'll make a home for Tony, of course."

That's the way Mrs. Ruth Golden of Woodhaven, L. I., feels about it, too. She's married to Gustave Golden MoMM2c, who is in the Pacific now. She likes her precision-instrument assembly job at Sperry much better than her pre-war job of selling baby clothes, but "When the war's over I'll settle down and have babies, in a little place on Long Island, with a lot of room around it," she says.

Of course there are a lot of women who are going to keep their jobs if they can and if they can't they're going to get others. Like Jewel Nalback of Montgomery, Ala., who is a riveter at the Grumman Aircraft plant at Bethpage, L. I. She's 20 years old, and pretty. Her husband Peter was an infantry first lieutenant in the Regular Army in Italy when he was killed. She has a 10-months-old son Paul. Her brother is S/Sgt. Phillip S. Darby, a gunner on a Britain-based B-24. He worked in a plane plant before he went into service.

"If there aren't enough jobs for everybody when Phil gets back," she said, "this job belongs to him, not me. I guess you'd say it's a man's job. But I've got to look after Paul somehow."

Mrs. Ethel Henderson of Brooklyn wants to keep her job after the war in order to help a GI. Her husband, T-5 William E. Henderson, is in France. She's in the insurance department of the East River Savings Bank, and she'd like to keep on working so he can have a try at making his living by writing.

Then there is Ann Gavin of the Bronx, who has made such a success of her wartime job that it's doubtful whether a man will ever hold it again. She is one of the two women train callers at Pennsylvania Station in New York City. Everyone says that her voice is much more understandable over the loud-speaker system than any of the men's who did it before.

Another woman who proved herself is Elizabeth Hooker of Baltimore, Md., a test pilot at Grumman for the past 18 months. Flying is her profession and she's proved that a woman can do that grueling job as well as a man. She bailed out of a burning plane recently and when the worried men at the plant tried cautiously to get her reaction to her experience, she said: "I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

Charlotte K. Hubley, who took a chemistry degree years ago at Michigan University and then kept house, took a job at the Nassau plant of the Sperry Gyroscope Company when the war broke out. She's now a senior technician and radiographer there and has charge of the X-ray-and-fluoroscope inspection of castings. That's a new field and she intends to stay in it after the war. And so does one of her assistants, Frances Widman, wife of Pvt. O. David Widman, now in France.

ALL these women are in the minority, however, if my survey means anything.

Mrs. Wade H. Snell of Westbury, L. I., one of the hands at Grumman, said: "This is strictly a war job for me. All I ask is the chance to go back to baking pies for my two boys." Her "two boys" are 1st Lt. Ivan C. Snell and Pfc. Wade H. Snell Jr.

Mrs. Julia Thibault of Manhattan, the wife of Cpl. Edward Thibault, now in Sardinia, agrees with her. She used to be a hostess in a Schrafft

Driving a taxicab is wartime work of Florence Parker. Her sister Gertrude runs another hack.

Meat cutter at an A & P: Augusta Rigaud.

Mrs. Ruth Golden assembles a Sperry gyro.

Ann Gavin's pleasant voice announces the Penn Station trains.

restaurant. Now she's a trainman on the Pennsylvania Railroad. "This is fine during the war," she said. "It keeps us from sitting worrying and being afraid of telegrams. But after the war I hope to stay home. The men who've been in combat have a real home coming to them."

Mrs. Mary A. Crumm of Babylon, L. I., is a grandmother and she doesn't intend to make a career of her job as a guard at the Grumman plant. She went to work there the day her son Jimmy, who's a quartermaster in the Seabees somewhere in the Pacific, entered the service. "I expect to go right back to selling hats in my own little shop when he gets home," she said.

The Sperry and Grumman plants are full of uniformed women acting as plant guards. They don't carry guns, but they check passes and do all the work of plant guards.

Before the war Sperry was an engineering plant, where only skilled craftsmen were employed. When it went into mass production there weren't enough men available, so the plant had to employ women and break jobs down into a number of operations so it wouldn't take too long to train unskilled hands. By 1940 the plant had 200 women; at the peak of Sperry's employment in 1943, it had 15,000 women, which was 49 percent of the employees. About 43 percent of the 24,000 workers there now are women.

"Women," said Thomas W. Keesee, assistant to the president, "are now doing every job in the plant once done by men, except the few which are too heavy physically. Once seniority is taken care of, women will be considered on an equal basis with men in post-war employment here.

"But," he added, "I am convinced that most women regard work in industry as a war job only."

The number of women cab drivers has increased since the war began, but Florence Parker of Manhattan, who is one of them, thinks most will quit after the war. She's going to quit, to marry Pfc. Alonzo Tye, who's somewhere in the Pacific with a Negro outfit. Driving is just a wartime job for her sister Gertrude also.

But there's the woman driver who wouldn't let her picture or her name be used.

"I was a private-school teacher when my son left three years ago for the South Pacific," she said. "He worries about me even when he thinks I'm still teaching school. He'd be crazy if he knew I was driving a New York taxi."

She's banking every cent her son sends her and will buy more cabs after the war. There'll be a business waiting for him when he gets home.

The A & P Stores tried out women butchers when the war began, but most of them have already quit. It's hard on their hands, they say, and they worry about cutting themselves.

ONE field where women will probably stay is banking. Before the war, women bank tellers were almost unheard of. Now some banks have women occupying all their tellers' cages. About 45 percent of all the employees in the mutual savings banks in New York State are women.

W. R. Williams Jr., executive secretary of the New York State Savings Bank Association, says:

"We know many of the women, particularly the wives of servicemen, will leave voluntarily. We also feel that a good many of the soldiers will have outgrown the jobs they left. We are trying hard to expand the services of our banks so we can offer them better jobs. We expect to have a job for every soldier who wants to come back to us, and at the same time we don't believe we'll have to tell any woman who wants to stay: 'You're through because we haven't a place for you.'"

Electrical work is another field new to women, where they have been so good that their bosses say they'd like to have them stay.

At Grumman, where the Navy Hellcat is produced, Paul S. Gilbert, the personnel director, thinks that less than 50 percent of the women employees will want to hold their jobs. He thinks most of the women are tired of factory work now and would like to make homes for their men, but are staying on for purely patriotic reasons. Many of the others, he thinks, will "bow out gracefully in favor of the returning serviceman."

At the Pennsylvania Railroad, where almost 50,000 men have gone into the services, there are 22,847 women now working, more than half of them filling jobs formerly held by men. They're working as trainmen and train announcers, behind ticket windows and on section gangs. All the women hired there since the war were taken on with the understanding that their jobs would last for the duration plus six.

Women are working in the engine house for the first time in history, but the work is just too tough and heavy for most of them, F. J. Stickert, assistant foreman, thinks. Mrs. Agnes Dornicik of Astoria, L. I., is one of the husky exceptions.

I'd rather like to keep the job but of course I'll step out for a soldier," she said. Her brother, Pvt. Rudolph Ruzicka, was wounded in the fighting in France.

The BMT's women trolley operators are hired on a duration basis, too. Viola Dunn of the Bronx, who plans to marry S/Sgt. Eddie Bourgeois, with a Negro outfit in France, is one of those who would like to hold her job if she can.

Another field where women have filled most of the jobs left vacant by men who went into the services is the newspaper and magazine business. *Editor and Publisher*, the trade magazine, estimates that 8,000 reporters have gone to war.

One New York newspaper, *PM*, has women on jobs seldom before held by women. Betty Dryden makes up the paper; Betty Townsend is assistant city editor; Sally Pepper is the photo manager, and the editor of the comic strips is Hannah Baker. And 24-year-old Sally Winograd is holding her own with the hard-boiled reporters at Police Headquarters down on Centre Street.

Women are so much in the news these days that there are now 27 women on the staff of the New York *Times*' women's news department—they call it the "snake pit" around the office. Eleanor Darnton, widow of Byron Darnton, a *Times* correspondent, is head of the department. At Acme Photos, Adeline Leavy is recognized as an able photographer in the news field.

Most of the girls in the newspaper business will try to hold their jobs after the war. Some will make it and some won't.

The girls who are holding a job left by a serviceman know that under the GI Bill of Rights the man can get it back if he wants it. But they're not going to give up their jobs only because it's the law; most of them would much rather have you bringing home the dough to them.

I don't know if you want your job back, but I do. The man who has been holding down my job covering the Harris County, Texas, courthouse, had better start getting ready to move out of the chair at the press-room poker table come X Day plus because I'm coming back.

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

Should women remain in industry after the war?

Release Men's Jobs

THE only answer to that question is the two-letter word, "no." The women have done and are doing a fine job in war industries and my hat is off to them. They have taken over jobs that were considered strictly men's jobs and have proved to us GIs and to the world that they can do them. But, when war industries are converted back to peace industries, the women should retire and resume their place in the home. When we go marching down Broadway, we'll remember the job the women have done, but we will not want them coming home with a wrench in one hand and a hammer in the other and then raising hell about supper not being ready. The shortage of manpower will have disappeared when the war is over and the need for women in industry will have been erased.

If I am not mistaken, the GI Bill of Rights states that a job will be found (if possible) for every ex-serviceman coming home. [Your job, if you had one when you entered service, is guaranteed by the Selective Service Law, not by the GI Bill of Rights, which has nothing to do with post-war employment.—*Ed.*] If you could tell me how the heck they will find enough jobs for veterans of the Spam Circuits and, at the same time, keep women in industry, then and only then will I step aside and listen to arguments in favor of keeping women on the job.

Britain —S/Sgt. KENNETH W. ANDERS

Not Unless Necessary

SINCE we have gone to war, the drain on manpower has been great and our war production would have suffered had it not been for the American Woman. She has answered the request of the Government to get into war production. She has had to learn man's work in order to succeed with his job. She has worked in plants building tanks, guns, planes and munitions. She has worked in the shipyards. She has done a wonderful job and the country owes her a lot.

In some cases she should remain in industry. In others she should not. In the case of a single girl making her own career, she is within her rights. In the case of a married woman whose husband is not physically fit, then she is doing her duty working to support her family.

But, if her husband is working and his income is sufficient for the family maintenance, then she should not work. Where both husband and wife are working and earning a larger income than is needed, they are robbing some single girl or family head of her or his right to win a livelihood.

In summing up, a woman should not remain in industry unless she absolutely must. American civilization needs homes and the woman is the foundation of the home.

The Aleutians —T-5 ALVA E. ZIMMERMAN

Women Should Go Home

WOMEN have always entered industry during wartime and, as long as wars continue, they will do so. The first World War enabled women to enter industry and hold jobs of practically every description. Woman's role in industry has expanded even further in this war with our greatly increased production.

Women will remain in industry for two reasons: to escape the monotony and drudgery of housework and for financial independence.

Statisticians have stated that 10 million more people are now working than during the pre-war period. A large percentage of these new workers are women. If they wish to remain at work, industry must find a way to increase production which will absorb them. The ideal would be maximum production, employment and consumption.

But, so long as maximum employment is unobtainable, no woman, unless it is absolutely necessary, should work in industry while a man remains idle. Women should take care of their homes and raise their families, and men should support them.

Italy —Cpl. SIDNEY GROSS

It's Up to Them

WE SAY, "If a guy is good enough to fight, he's good enough to vote. If a guy is good enough to slug it out on the front lines, he's good enough to get a job when the war's over."

Well, if women are good enough to turn out planes, tanks and guns in wartime, they're good enough to turn out refrigerators, stoves and tractors in peacetime. If Wacs and Red Cross girls and nurses want to go into industry after the war, haven't they earned the right?

If the women want to go back to the home, that's up to them, but let's make it an individual decision rather than a mass edict.

It's a phony issue to say who should have the jobs, men or women. Our goal should be jobs for everyone willing to work. The more people who work, the more commodities we will have and the more we can buy for our money.

The question should be worded: "Can there be full employment in post-war America?" Let's ponder that.

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. —Pvt. RALPH FRIEDMAN

Yes, but—

YES. If you want America to become a second-rate power within the next 20 years. If you want a double dose of the roaring twenties. If you want the largest juvenile-delinquency problem the nation has ever faced. If you want the peace to be lost.

Personally, I don't want any of the above and I am certain I have the nod of approval from the majority of American women in industry in saying that they don't want it.

I believe it is only fair to the American family and its democracy-loving people to remove from industry all women that are married. Secondly, to remove from industry all women lacking a classification of skill.

France —T-4 J. R. YOUNG

Will Quit Voluntarily

WOMEN will voluntarily leave the jobs that they have filled so well during this international crisis.

I worked in a steel factory before entering the service and I have talked with many women on this subject. Nine out of every 10 are mothers, wives, sisters or sweethearts of servicemen. They will gladly return to the home and make room for men in industry.

Hawaii —EDWIN R. KNIGHT S1c

Fulfill GIs' Dreams

THOUGH I admire our women for the way they have pitched in to help produce war goods in an effort to shorten the war, I say let them go home after the war and make a job and a happy home for men returning from battlefronts all over the world. These men have been dreaming of that job and that happy family.

New Guinea —S/Sgt. J. W. GROOMS

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS

THIS page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. A question for future discussion will be "What Changes Would You Like To See Made in Post-War America?" If you have any ideas on this subject, send them in to *The Soldier Speaks* Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will give you time to get your overseas answers here by mail. The best letters received will be printed in a future issue.

Pfc. (Lt.) Joseph St. John

Shavetail Without Bars

For nearly three years after his escape from Bataan, a pfc led Filipino guerrilla forces that harassed the Japs on Leyte.

By Cpl. TOM O'BRIEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

SAN PABLO, LEYTE—He was a pfc when the Japs swarmed into the Philippines almost three years ago. He was a lieutenant of guerrillas when he was reunited with his fellow Americans shortly after our landings on Leyte. And now Joseph St. John of Philadelphia, Pa., is ready and willing to discard the rank he won while helping to organize and direct Filipino resistance in the long interval between Leyte's capture and liberation.

"The raise in rank didn't mean a thing," St. John said. "They could have called me a colonel or a general and it wouldn't have meant much."

Pfc. St. John looked admiringly at his new jungle-green fatigues and the first pair of GI shoes he had worn in a couple of years. Then he launched into the story of Lt. St. John, the guerrilla leader:

"I was with the 14th Bombardment Squadron at Clark Field, Bataan, when the Japs came over. They knocked out most of our planes in the first raid. Eventually we received orders to surrender, but most of the squadron decided to make a run for it, and we all packed into the *Mayon*, an inter-island passenger boat, and slipped out at night."

The *Mayon* got them to Mindanao, where St. John remained until the Bataan refugees were asked to help organize guerrilla groups throughout the Philippines. Then he made his way to Leyte, reporting to Col. R. K. Kangleon, the island leader. It was Col. Kangleon who recognized St. John's capacity for leadership and rewarded him with the second lieutenancy.

St. John's affection for the Filipinos is deep. "Right from the beginning," he said, "they took care of me. And when I caught malaria on Mindanao they nursed me for three months."

He admits, on the other hand, that it was tough getting used to the native foods. He had no special difficulty with *camotes* (sweet potatoes) and he also learned to cope with dried fish.

"I put those old college goldfish swallowers to shame," St. John boasted, "by downing thousands of *ginimos*. Those are tiny silver fish and a native delicacy. The natives had to fool me into eating roast monkey, though. They didn't tell me what it was, just passed it around at mealtime. I was hungry and ate well. It tasted like a cross between goat meat and beef. It didn't taste bad the second time, either, even after I knew what I was eating. But one day in the hills one of my sergeants shot a four-foot monkey and skinned it for the evening meal. Skinned, it looked to me like a newborn baby. It turned my stomach and I've never touched it since."

For the native firewater St. John had a healthy respect. "We took the sap from the coconut tree," he said, "and mixed it with the red bark of the tung tree. We called it *tuba* and drank it fresh. If you let it ferment a bit, it became terrific."

St. John would rather talk about native food and drink than guerrilla warfare, and he insists that he had only one close shave fighting the Japs. That came early in 1944 after a large Japanese force was sent to Leyte to clean out the guerrillas in the hills. The Japs apparently knew that not all the guerrillas were Filipinos, for they offered 5,000 *pesos* for every American head. St. John estimates that 99 percent of the Filipinos were loyal but he is afraid that "one or two turned traitor" when the big reward was offered. Anyway, on Mar. 18 some 200 Japs surrounded St. John's headquarters.

"They came directly toward my house," St. John said. "Luckily one of my men had just gone down the path to an outhouse and bumped into two Japs. I heard the firing and thought some of the boys were shooting monkeys again. Then I heard that distinctive ping of the Jap .25-caliber. I grabbed my tommy gun and jumped into the brush, but dropped my only clip getting out of the house. I hurried back for another, but the Japs spotted me. I ran into the house, dived out of the window and fell behind a big log.

"Firing went on all around me. They began scouring the woods in back of the house and one Jap came within arm's length. Bullets had clipped my hair, but the worst part of the whole deal, except for the fear of being spotted at any moment, was the ants. I had jumped right onto a hill of big red ants. My arms and legs were coated with them and their stings almost made me cry out in agony.

"The Japs made a headquarters of my house and stayed there all morning and afternoon. I could hear them talking and bustling around, preparing rice for lunch. About sundown they set the house afire and left."

ST. JOHN was not wholly out of touch with American forces during his stay on Leyte. Last June supplies for the guerrillas were brought ashore from an American submarine. St. John was particularly grateful for a razor, which he used to shave off the full beard he'd grown since Bataan.

"I left on just this mustache," he said, "and for a while the guerrillas hardly knew me. The sub left guns for us and medical supplies. The sulfa drugs soon established me as the chief medicine man, and I treated everyone for tropical ulcers and leg wounds. My men were always respectful and asked advice on everything they did."

St. John did not know that landings were being prepared, but he was expecting heavy air attacks on Leyte because he had received word that the natives should evacuate the Dulag area. On Oct. 20 one of St. John's scouts reported that two ships were steaming into Leyte Gulf. St. John figured they were Japanese. Then other scouts reported four more ships, then six, then eight. Soon the Filipinos were reporting hundreds of vessels off Leyte.

"I knew then," St. John said, "that they couldn't possibly be Japs. We all shouted and drank up whatever *tuba* juice was on hand. Day after day I thought the Americans would find their way to our camp. I didn't want to leave the hills because we were watching the movements of the Japs, and I didn't think it wise to drop the hunt."

The Americans who finally found him were members of a 7th Division recon group sent out to look for a Navy pilot—Ens. Edwin J. Beattie of Columbiaville, Mich.—who had crashed near Abuyog, south of Dulag, during the landings. For several days the pilot had been safe in St. John's camp, brought there by guerrillas. The warmth of the welcome Beattie received from St. John seems to have been at least partly due to the color of the pilot's hair. "First redhead I'd seen in three years," St. John said in open admiration.

When the 7th Division men brought Beattie and St. John to headquarters, the guerrilla leader's first request was for bread and butter—a request which an embarrassed Army was unable to fulfill. He had to settle for whole-wheat crackers.

"Bread and butter seemed like such a little thing," St. John said reproachfully. "I missed it more than anything. Even more than ice cream."

FOR a man who has gone three years without bread and butter—or ice cream, for that matter—St. John looks well but thin. He estimates that on Leyte he lost 20 of the 155 pounds he had weighed at Clark Field. Thanks to *tuba* juice, however, he has apparently gained a vast immunity to the effects of the intoxicants of western civilization. Offered a shot of Hiram Walker by an admiring general, St. John filled a glass half full and downed it at one gulp. Pressed to accept more by the generous and slightly stunned officer, St. John casually repeated the performance.

"I guess that *tuba* juice will make the real stuff taste like soda pop from now on," the pfc said sadly.

St. John showed other signs of having been out of touch with America. For one thing, he was more familiar with native songs, which he learned around mountain camp fires, than with U. S. ballads. And from where he was sitting, recent news from home seemed strange and difficult to credit.

"The St. Louis Browns won the American League pennant," he said. "I can't believe it. They never made better than sixth place in my time."

Despite this feeling that home must be in a highly abnormal condition, he expressed a wish to see what the U. S. looks like.

"I'd like to be mobbed by blondes," he said specifically. "I've seen nothing but black hair for the past two or three years. It's blondes from here on in."

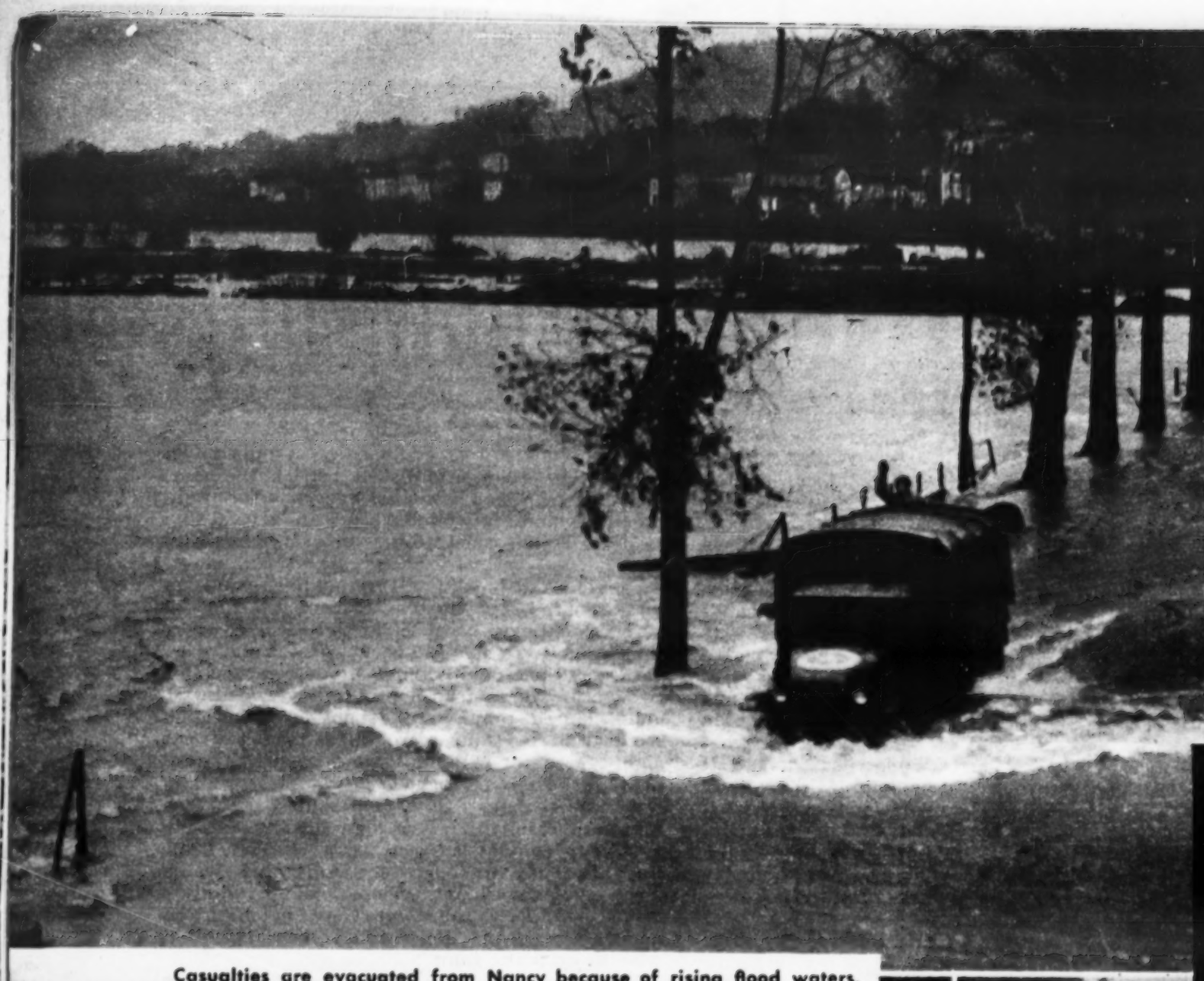
St. John's parents are dead and his brothers James and Michael are somewhere in the Army.

"I don't know where they are," he said. "And I guess they've given me up for dead long ago. I'll be mighty glad to see them. Maybe they've had experiences worse than mine."

Offhand that doesn't seem likely.

War and

ON THE WESTERN FRONT, SNOW AND



Casualties are evacuated from Nancy because of rising flood waters.

Armored cars of the Seventh Army pass through a snow-covered French forest.

Engineer trucks move up logs for a corduroy road through Hurtgen Forest, Germany.

Two GIs try to keep warm with a home-made oil-can stove under a half-track top.

A two-star general is towed through flooded streets of Pont-a-Mousson, France.

Men of a machine-gun section, training in France, move through snow.

Fresh snow mantles the guns of an ack-ack battery, emplaced in a Belgian village.

GIs return from the front during a snowstorm in the Langfosse area, France.

Four M-4 tanks are threatened by the rising water after a ... storm.

Engineer troops of the 8th Division start working on a shelter for front-line GIs.

MAIL CALL

Soft Hearts and Fascists

Dear YANK:

As a GI having served for two years, I should like to get into your *Mail Call* arguments. I came over from Germany 11 years ago, when the fireworks started. I still have my mother over there (if she is still alive), so I do not want you to use my name if you should print this letter.

I am very much concerned about the soft-hearted, muddle-headed sob-sister attitude we seem to be taking in regard to traitors and war criminals.

We have read about the Germans who lynched our brave airmen when they parachuted to earth, who cut the throats of our paratroopers and later hanged them; we know about the dirty fascists who, according to Sgt. Manuel Serrano in YANK, hanged some of our men slowly, "Pulled them up and down with the noose around their necks," so they could experience the greatest agony before passing out. [Sgt. Serrano referred to the hanging of Italian Partisans.—*Ed.*] We know about the Jap atrocities.

On the other side of the ledger, we know how our diplomatic representatives did prevent Luxemburgers from hanging a collaborator; the pity of some persons when the Fascist chief of police of Rome, who did many innocent hostages to death, was given his just deserts—to name only a few incidents.

Let's show those sub-humans that death chambers and concentration camps and the shooting of innocent hostages do not pay.

Secondly, the German and Italian and Japanese people will have to be impressed with the enormity of their war crimes and with the criminal tendencies of their corrupt and contemptible officer castes and politicians. If we can manage to do this and induce a feeling of humility in their countries, that would act as the strongest deterrent to another war.

Nebraska —(Name Withheld)

Extra-Time Volunteers

Dear YANK:

We would like to make a suggestion: That any man who has served overseas 18 months or over and who volunteers for an additional year should be able to select his base for that extra year. All of us feel that we want to serve extra time for individual reasons.

Arabia —S/Sgt. HARVEY RUSSEL*

*Also signed by 8 others.

The Girl Back Home

Dear YANK:

. . . Of all the articles on the suffering civilians back home, this one on "The Girl Back Home" is the most nauseating.

I cry for this poor college girl back home; yes, my heart bleeds for her, and I am going to write my wife, who will also cry for her. My wife is only trying to keep our home together, working and doing what she can, as all women who want their men back are doing. So she will appreciate this poor girl's feelings, her being so sad, no date for the senior prom.

Burma —Sgt. CHRIS WINKLER

Dear YANK:

. . . We have just returned from Italy. This is one of the first articles we read and if she is the typical girl back home, heaven help us! We think she is a snob. Her senior festivities are just TS.

New York, N. Y. —Cpl. R. E. BALLOY

Dear YANK:

. . . I am 21. Was inducted at 18½, never had any chance for a college education. Was sent to Panama in the Air Forces and am at present stationed out on some damned island on which I wish your little girl friend were at even if for a week . . .

Right now I'm on detached service to a cook school and soon shall return to this "little comfortable home" with the most "darling and prettiest" goats you ever did see, to make my evenings "exciting," and throw all sorts of tea parties and the like for us . . .

Panama —Pvt. WILLIAM LERNER

Dear YANK:

If the Johnson girl fit the description of the average girl, then your USOs at home would be as bereft of femininity as they are here on the islands.

To portray a girl back home in such a manner and with time on her hands is a disgrace to the rest of them back home.

Hawaii —WESLEY PALM S2c*

*Also signed by Joe Leclair, F. M. Babcock S1c and B. Ashcroft S2c.

Dear YANK:

. . . What about some of our nurses and Red Cross girls, some of whom have been away from home among us fellows for two years? We never hear them complaining, and they are really doing a marvelous job over here. Why should those make-believe wallflowers sit at home and think they are too good to associate with the ones who are fighting to keep their country free?

France —Pvt. JIMMY H. SUMPTER

Dear YANK:

. . . I realize just how lonesome a dull evening can be, as I have spent several of them on many of the posts I have been on. If I am not too bold, I wonder if I may secure Miss Johnson's address so that I can try to cheer up some of her lonely evenings? I wholeheartedly agree with several of Miss Johnson's opinions. I realize also that already she is writing to several servicemen but I would still like a sporting chance for, who knows, she may not be so far away from where I am stationed.

Riverside, Calif. —Sgt. CONRAD KEADO

Dear YANK:

. . . I was a playgirl, too—and I wasn't very proud of the fact! I'm 20 now and have been in the Army eight months. I'm still a playgirl at heart, but I reckon there's plenty of time after the war to play around.

Believe me, I'm pretty darned proud to say I am a member of the Women's Army Corps.

Dayton, Ohio —Pvt. PATSY R. STALCUP*

*Also signed by 3 other Wacs.

Dear YANK:

Please tell Barbara Johnson to brace up and hold on. It may be a long war, but she is the kind of a girl I hope I'm going home to.

Camp Chaffee, Ark. —T-5 WARREN W. CURRIER

GI Constitution

Dear YANK:

The Articles of War are our constitution and should be respected as such. At this field, when our men are given company punishment under the 104th Article of War, they are thrown into a "fatigue barracks" where they spend a week of extra fatigue. They cannot have visitors or go to the PX or service club (which is withholding of privileges) and they are under the supervision of a barracks chief who is a member of the guard squadron (confinement under guard). The *Manual for Courts-Martial* says authorized punishments "shall not include . . . confinement under guard."

I am a staff sergeant and have 38 months of service with never a restriction or a court-martial. A few nights ago, I was arrested for driving while drinking (3.2 beer). On return to camp, my squadron commander awarded me one week's restrictions to the fatigue barracks.

I know that this is illegal, as about a year and a half ago, when I was a first sergeant down in Texas, we were given a week's restrictions and extra duty and this ceased immediately when our records were inspected by the inspector general. He informed us that only one punishment at a time could be given under company punishment and that if a man had done something serious enough to call for more, then and then only would he be given a court-martial.

Here they inform me that that doesn't matter, as this field is under the Third Air Force and is not inspected by the inspector general. However, it fails to say in *Manual for Courts-Martial* that the Third Air Force is exempt from its rules.

The *Manual for Courts-Martial* says also that "Hard labor will not be imposed or enforced as a punishment against any person of actual, relative or assimilated rank above that of a private first class in the Army, and no form of punishment is permitted which tends to degrade the rank of the person on whom such punishment is imposed." Now, wouldn't you say that cutting grass, scrubbing floors and such menial labor under a corporal guard is degrading the rank of staff sergeant?

Coffeyville, Kans. —(Name Withheld)

Flying Wallaby

Dear YANK:

I do not think YANK gave much consideration to the problem of the paratroop wallaby, which evidently is important to the owners of the mascot. [The writers wanted to have the wallaby jump with them, but were afraid he'd climb the shrouds and collapse the chute.—*Ed.*] I would, therefore, like to make a suggestion which may solve the problem.

The idea is to construct a disk of either lightweight wood filled with holes (to prevent stoppage of air into the chute) or one cut from heavy screen. This would be placed between the point where the chute lines join and the harness. The screen disk would be less injurious to the animal upon landing.

India —S/Sgt. ROBERT E. OLNEY

Nothing To Read

Dear YANK:

Where are all these periodicals the boys are supposed to be getting in this theater? The latest thing we have on hand at the present time is the June 1944 issue of *Country Gentleman*.

How about putting in a good word for these forgotten men?

Netherlands East Indies —1st Lt. LOUIS J. FITZSIMMONS*

*Also signed by 27 other officers and EM.

Bonuses From Japan

Dear YANK:

The post-war problem of what to do with Japan is of paramount importance. My idea is to take over the island of Japan and its mandates and put them under the control of the U. S. Government, whereby we would utilize all of their natural resources to our advantage and turn over the tremendous profits to the veterans serving in the AEF, as bonuses each month. The soldier deserves such a break because, after all this is over and we get back home, conditions aren't going to be as rosy as some of us may imagine. There isn't any use of trying to kid ourselves.

The bonus each month would keep him on his feet, out of some hardships, and enable him to retain his self-respect.

Let's not forget the fact that the cash coming in to the U. S. would put more money into circulation than ever before, thus retaining some period of prosperity and contentment for the American soldiers coming back to civilian life again. As for inflation, or whatever problems that should arise due to the great turnover of currency, I'm sure that the men in Washington can cope with it.

New Guinea —Sgt. M. STRIMKOVSKY

Overseas Service Bars

Dear YANK:

I read your answer to the inquiry by Pvt. James Wellton, in which you said that the new overseas bars should be worn over the hash mark. While your answer was clear enough, my buddies and I wish you'd do us another favor. Please put in a picture showing the right way to wear the bars with the service stripes.

France —Sgt. HAROLD D. YOUNG

The Seven Wonders

Dear YANK:

Some of the boys here are wondering if you could answer a question for us. Would you tell us what the seven wonders of the world are and where they are located? I'm sure it would stop a few of the arguments we have.

India —Cpl. R. G. DOUGLAS

■ The seven wonders of the ancient world are generally listed as: *1*) the Great Pyramid of Cheops at Giza, Egypt; *2*) the mausoleum built by Queen Artemisia for her husband, Mausolus, at Halicarnassus, the ancient city located where Bodrum now stands on the Turkish coast opposite the Dodecanese Islands; *3*) the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, a city whose ruins are near Hilla in Iraq; *4*) the huge statue of Jupiter erected by Phidias in ancient Athens; *5*) the Colossus of Rhodes, a gigantic statue supposed to have stood over the harbor entrance at Rhodes on the island in the Aegean Sea; *6*) the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, a city that stood near modern Izmir (Smyrna) on the coast of Turkey, and *7*) the Pharos, or lighthouse, at Alexandria, Egypt.

WAC Diet (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

No doubt Sgt. Jessica E. Wilson of Foster Field, Tex. [who complained that Wacs get fat on GI food. —*Ed.*] is not and never was a WAC cook or baker. . . .

Menus never have potatoes and beans (unless green) on the same menu unless it is buffet. Then we have potato salad and Boston baked beans. Often baked beans or macaroni are served instead of meat.

We know the fresh vegetables and fruits which constitute the WAC diet, but the larger the waistline the more bread and sweets they take.

Fort Des Moines, Iowa —Pfc. PAULINE M. SPICER

How To End the War

Dear YANK:

I have just thought of a way to end this war in a hurry. Put all the MPs on the front lines, so they will have something to do besides sit beside the road, four or five in a jeep, and wait for some GI to pass going two or three miles an hour over the regular speed limit, then pounce on him like snakes after eggs. I was on MP duty for 18 months, but I've never seen duty pulled as it's pulled here.

We fellows have to pull guard for them, then they arrest us for speeding. What do you think of this? Chicken, don't you think?

India —Pvt. CURT McCOY*

*Also signed by Pvt. Ben Atterson, Pvt. William Hampton, Pfc. Paul Roach, Pfc. Ray Mills, Cpl. Harold A. Sheldon.

The Obedient Child

By T/Sgt. ALBERT ELKES

YANK FICTION

FRANK FENTON stood at the stop light, waiting for a ride. A dozen cars must have passed before the old Ford pulled up.

"Goin' back to camp?" the driver asked, leaning over across the woman who sat next to him.

"Yes, sir," Frank answered. "Are you going to Porchester?"

"Going right through there," said the driver. "Hop in."

The soldier jumped in back and found himself next to a tall, pale blonde. She moved over slightly to allow room for him, but she didn't speak.

The driver had already started the car up again when he asked, "Been swimming, son?"

Frank leaned toward the front to speak so that he could be heard above the roar of the motor. "I came down on a pass for the week end. My pass is up tonight."

The lady in front turned and spoke. "Always glad to help out a boy in the service. We have a son in France."

Frank could see, even in a sitting position, that the lady up front was unusually tall. She wore a big tan straw hat, pulled straight across her face, and a severe high-necked dress with lace trimming around the collar. Her mouth was thin, like the girl's who sat in back, and he thought they were probably mother and daughter. Both had the same long, sallow face and the same pale, stretched skin. The male head of the household had a round, full face that looked as though it had been skinned and shined. He was much shorter than the rest of the family and had to stretch awkwardly below the steering wheel to reach the foot brake and gas pedal.

"I've never been across," Frank found himself saying, "although a few of my buddies are in France now."

The car moved ahead, and conversation was slight and unspirited. The girl beside Frank didn't speak at all but just kept staring away from him out of the window at the country. The land was hopelessly flat and stretched out for infinite miles. There was a cracked appearance about the earth, as though the sun had baked the fields dry, and the yellow grass looked starched.

After a while, the driver said, "Where you from, soldier?"

"New York," he answered politely.

The lady turned around and looked at him. "Never liked New York myself," she said. "It's too big. Too much rushing around. We like the country." Her tight lips smacked together as she talked, with an air of established authority, and Frank kept silent.

The driver half-turned around in his seat. "My name's Coogan," he said. Laughingly, he added: "No relation to the movie actor."

Frank smiled. "Glad to know you," he said. "My name's Fenton. Frank Fenton."

"This here's my wife" the man continued, "and that's our daughter Isabelle."

All of them nodded at him, while the woman in front spoke to her daughter. "Say hello to the soldier, Isabelle," she said, as though addressing a young child. He looked at the daughter more closely. She must be 19, possibly a little younger —no less than 18.

Isabelle smiled shyly, but she still did not speak.

A red light jumped up suddenly ahead, and the car scraped to a quick stop. When they started again, the lady in front turned around and peered at Frank through a pair of horn-rimmed glasses she had adjusted to her nose.

"What church do you go to?" she asked.

When Frank didn't answer for a moment, Mr. Coogan said, "Maybe he doesn't go to church, Mother."

"Well, once in a while," Frank murmured.

The lady eyed him sharply. "Some of the young ones haven't got God in their hearts, and that's why there's wars!"

"All right," said her husband.

"I've never gone to church much," Frank admitted, hesitantly. "I'm not very religious."

"What's your religion?" said the persistent voice in front.

After a pause, Frank said, half resentfully, "Protestant."

"We're Methodists," said Mrs. Coogan, "and steady churchgoers. I don't believe we've missed a service in two years. Have we, Isabelle?

"Isabelle goes to church every Sunday. Even during the big storm. She goes every Sunday with her father and me."

The girl nodded again. Frank noticed how she stared at him with her large expressionless eyes.

Mrs. Coogan continued, "I wouldn't tolerate a daughter of mine being like some of the young ones nowadays. I hate to think how some of them are going to grow up."

Frank tried to think whether he had gone to chapel in the past year, but he couldn't remember. He settled back as the car rumbled along at a steady speed. After a few miles, he shifted his body farther away from Isabelle and stretched his legs in her direction. He closed his eyes for a while, and the steady monotonous chug of the motor almost put him to sleep. Then he sat up in a less relaxed pose, trying to keep awake.

"Expecting to go across soon?" the driver asked.

"Never can tell," Frank answered, stifling a yawn. "I guess so. We're all going, sooner or later."

"My son's been over for 18 months," said the woman. "First he was in England and now he's in France. How long have you been in the Army?"

"Two years," Frank answered.

"And still in the States!"

"I don't decide whether I stay or get shipped," Frank said defensively. "I'd just as soon get moved. I've got friends overseas."

"I wish my son were as lucky," said the woman.

To change the conversation, Frank reached in his pocket for a packet of cigarettes and offered them around.

"Thanks," said the driver, reaching around and taking one.

"I don't smoke," his wife said.

Frank offered one to Isabelle, but her mother quickly intervened. "Isabelle doesn't smoke, either. If I ever caught her, she'd get a whipping." As Frank put the packet back into his shirt pocket, the lady continued, "I don't believe in girls smoking. The young girls nowadays like to show off and think they look nice smoking. It's cheap. I think it's very cheap."

Frank settled back in the seat. He wanted the ride to be over.

"I always believed that when girls started smoking and drinking, you never can tell where they'll land up," Mrs. Coogan told him.

Frank didn't answer, except for a noncommittal grunt. He looked out at the countryside, hoping to see familiar landmarks. It was getting dark quickly now, and he wondered whether they would get to Porchester before it was really night.

He looked at the girl next to him, and caught her staring in his direction. When he eyed her openly, she lowered her eyes quickly and turned away. In the meantime, the lady in front had started humming a church song in a high whining voice. It was a familiar tune that Frank had heard back home, although he couldn't remember the name. The driver joined in and the humming grew in volume, while darkness set in rapidly.

Frank looked straight ahead as he felt Isabelle's foot move closer to his and pause as their knees touched. After a momentary pressure, she moved her leg away and slid her tall body closer to his, so that their thighs were pressing together. Frank looked at her out of the corner of his eye. Her eyes were shining brightly in the darkness. He shifted uncomfortably when he thought the humming was nearing an end, but the girl silently slipped her hand between his sleeve and shirt and rested her fingers on his thigh. He moved his hand over her white fingers and clasped them tightly, so that her trembling merged with the tingle in his own hand. Her thin palms were wet as he touched them. As soon as the humming had ceased, he released her hand quickly and moved his chest and head away from the girl. But they kept their thighs glued together in the darkness.

"They're wonderful songs," said Mrs. Coogan.

"I always enjoy harmonizing," the driver said. "Ever since I was a boy."

"Did you ever sing in the church choir?" the lady asked.

"When I was a boy," the soldier answered.

Five minutes later, the old Ford arrived in Porchester and the soldier climbed out and thanked them for the ride.

Loans for Homes

Dear YANK:

I'm in the Navy and my wife's a Wac. A short while ago she got a furlough and went back to our home town. While she was home she found a six-room house which we'd both like to buy. She had a talk with the owner, who incidentally has known us both since we were kids, and he agreed to sell us the house when we get out of service.

We both had good jobs in civilian life to which we can return when we are discharged. We figure if we each can get a loan under the GI Bill of Rights, we should be able to swing the deal. Now here's our problem—will the government guarantee a loan for each of us or must we take just one loan because we are husband and wife?

FPO —Chief THOMAS J. MALLEN

■ You are each entitled to a loan under the GI Bill of Rights. Being husband and wife has no bearing on your rights to the benefits of the law. Since you both expect to work, the chances are good that your local bank will OK the loans and that the government will guarantee up to $2,000 for each of you.

Removing Tattoos

Dear YANK:

Just before I left the States I got that "what-the-hell" feeling and got myself tattooed. Maybe I had one too many. Well, anyway, I want you to tell me, along with a few thousand other GIs, where and how we can get the tattoo removed. I would like a clear and definite answer, please. It means a lot of consolation to some of us to know they can be removed.

India —Name Withheld

■ YANK consulted a dermatologist on the staff of the National Academy of Medicine who told us that tattooing can be removed. Tattooing, he explained, is a deposit of insoluble colored material under the skin which can be eradicated by bleaching or other means and the treatment does not take very long. When you get out of service, your doctor should be able to tell you what to do.

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Wife in China

Dear YANK:

Although I was born in China, I am an American citizen. I went to school in the States and in 1934 I went back to China and got married. But because of the immigration law my wife and two children couldn't come to the States. In June 1942 I applied for an allotment for my wife and children, but my wife says in her letters that she has not received one cent.

This war has lasted for so many years that the people in China are starving. Lately I have not heard from my wife and children and I do not know if they are alive or dead. Please find out for me why my family has no allotment.

Keesler Field, Miss. —Cpl. KAY H. MAR

■ Your wife will shortly receive a check in full payment of the allotment. Payments were delayed because the Office of Dependency Benefits had to check through the Chinese Government to find whether your dependents actually existed and whether they were in occupied or unoccupied China. They have now found that your family is in unoccupied China, and the payment, retroactive to June 1942, will be made through the Bank of China and will be delivered to your wife in Chinese currency. Your wife will receive the Chinese equivalent of $72 a month from June 1942 through October 1943. In addition she will get $100 a month from November 1943 to the date of payment. She should get a total of at least $2,354.

Battle of Midway

Dear YANK:

I was in Hawaii at the time of the Battle of Midway. Am I entitled to wear a battle star on my Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon because I was held in reserve for that battle?

Burma —T-5 RICHARD H. KINNICK

■ No. However, if you were in a plane based at Hawaii and actually flew to the battle scene, you would be eligible for the battle star.

Civilian Job

Dear YANK:

I expect to be discharged very shortly. Before going into service I had a pretty steady job with a chain store. I understand I am entitled to get that job back, but how soon after I get out must I apply for the job? I sure would like to rest up for a while before going back to work. Can I?

Puerto Rico —Cpl. LOUIS LINER

■ You can. The Selective Service law only requires that you apply for your old job within 40 days after you are discharged. If you wait more than 40 days before asking for the job, you lose all your rights to it. So make sure you apply for the job within the 40-day period.

Money for Medical Care

Dear YANK:

I am married and my wife is expecting a baby some time in May. She also has trouble with her tonsils and they must come out. At present we do not have the money to pay for such an operation.

I would like to know if her tonsils would be considered in with the one-year care the government gives the child. Or would the government pay for the operation and let us pay them back?

Britain —Pfc. MELVIN GARDNER

■ The maternity program covers the cost of delivering the child, hospital fees and pediatric care for the new-born infant. The government does not provide other medical care for servicemen's families, nor will it lend money for such purposes.

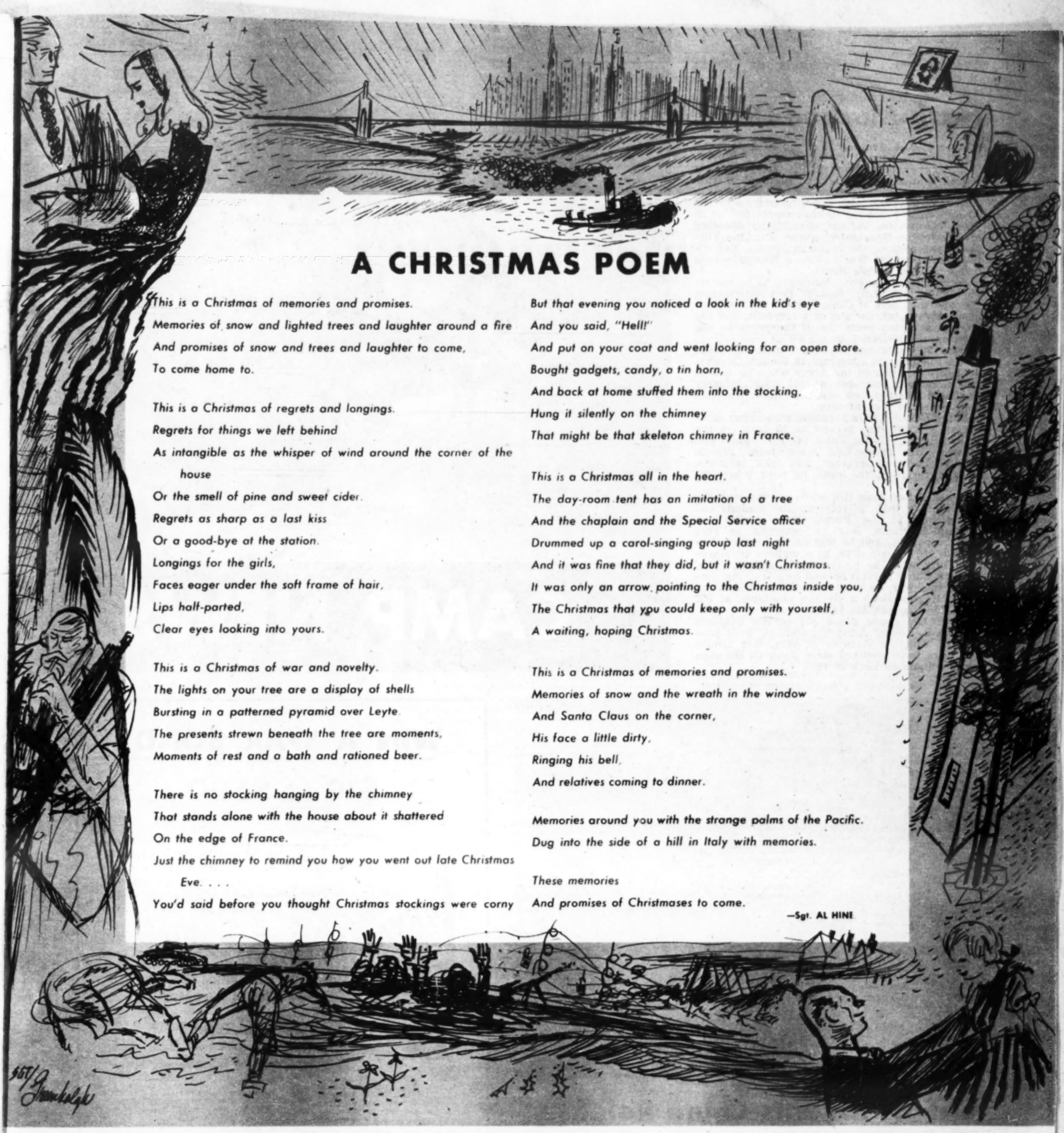
Luxury Tax

Dear YANK:

The other day I received a pen from the States which had been repaired. The bill included a 20 percent luxury tax. I'm of the opinion that I should be exempt from such taxes. Should I pay the tax?

Italy —Sgt. BEN HUBERT

■ GIs are not exempt from Federal taxes generally, and luxury taxes in particular. While you do not pay a luxury tax for ordinary fountain-pen repairs, you do pay the tax if the repair involves "jewelry" in any sense. The law says that if a "precious or imitation metal" is added to a fountain pen in the repair, you pay the tax. This doesn't include a gold pen point, or other vital parts of the pen. However, if you repair or add a gold band to the pen, you pay the tax.



A CHRISTMAS POEM

This is a Christmas of memories and promises.
Memories of snow and lighted trees and laughter around a fire
And promises of snow and trees and laughter to come,
To come home to.

This is a Christmas of regrets and longings.
Regrets for things we left behind
As intangible as the whisper of wind around the corner of the house
Or the smell of pine and sweet cider.
Regrets as sharp as a last kiss
Or a good-bye at the station.
Longings for the girls,
Faces eager under the soft frame of hair,
Lips half-parted,
Clear eyes looking into yours.

This is a Christmas of war and novelty.
The lights on your tree are a display of shells
Bursting in a patterned pyramid over Leyte.
The presents strewn beneath the tree are moments,
Moments of rest and a bath and rationed beer.

There is no stocking hanging by the chimney
That stands alone with the house about it shattered
On the edge of France.
Just the chimney to remind you how you went out late Christmas Eve. . . .
You'd said before you thought Christmas stockings were corny
But that evening you noticed a look in the kid's eye
And you said, "Hell!"
And put on your coat and went looking for an open store.
Bought gadgets, candy, a tin horn,
And back at home stuffed them into the stocking.
Hung it silently on the chimney
That might be that skeleton chimney in France.

This is a Christmas all in the heart.
The day-room tent has an imitation of a tree
And the chaplain and the Special Service officer
Drummed up a carol-singing group last night
And it was fine that they did, but it wasn't Christmas.
It was only an arrow pointing to the Christmas inside you,
The Christmas that you could keep only with yourself,
A waiting, hoping Christmas.

This is a Christmas of memories and promises.
Memories of snow and the wreath in the window
And Santa Claus on the corner,
His face a little dirty,
Ringing his bell,
And relatives coming to dinner.

Memories around you with the strange palms of the Pacific.
Dug into the side of a hill in Italy with memories.

These memories
And promises of Christmases to come.

—Sgt. AL HINE

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Hash-Marked 'Pop' Now Runs PX

Camp Forrest, Tenn.—When you hear any one at Camp Forrest saying, "Let's go over to 'Pop's'," they're referring to PX No. 1 where a retired soldier named John C. Brennan of Tullahoma, Tenn., is in charge.

He wears civvies now, but if he had on his old Army blouse you'd see 10 hash marks for his 30 years of service, various decorations denoting service in the Spanish-American war, the Filipino Insurrection, the Mexican Border Expedition, and the first World War, a Sharpshooter's badge and the Purple Heart.

Retired in 1918, "Pop" continued to be associated with the Army, first at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and then here at Camp Forrest. He was born at an Army post, the son of a sergeant, and has worked at Army posts 7½ of the years he has been on the retired list.

Born 70 years ago at Fort Union, N. Mex., where his dad was a top kick in the 8th Cavalry, John Brennan joined the Army when he was 18 and became a member of the 12th Infantry Regiment. His top kick was his father, who had transferred to the Infantry.

In the next 30 years Brennan, who began service as a trumpeter, served at 10 forts in the United States, Alaska, Cuba, the Philippines and Mexico. His promotions were from private through corporal, sergeant, and color sergeant, to staff sergeant, the rank he held when retired.

It was at San Juan Hill while serving with the 6th Infantry that he received the wounds entitling him to the Purple Heart. After the Spanish-American War he returned to Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and he was serving there when retired. He remained on as a civilian employee until 1922 when he moved to Tullahoma, Tenn.

When Camp Forrest opened as a training center in this war, he went to work for the Army again. He has been a civilian employee at PX No. 1 for the past 3½ years.

"Pop" can quote pages out of the Soldier's Handbook, knows Army regulations, drill procedures, and the Articles of War. But armies and wars have changed since John C. Brennan became a soldier back in 1892.

CAMP NEWS

AAF GI Invents Chute Release

Harlingen AAF, Tex.—Pvt. Eugene C. Smith, a gunnery student here, has invented a delayed-action timing device to provide for the automatic release of cargo from a parachute immediately upon impact with the ground.

Smith worked on his invention for more than a year before submitting blueprints to the ASTC Headquarters at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. He received a reply that "such a device is urgently needed by the services," and a request to submit a working model for extensive examination and further tests at the laboratories there.

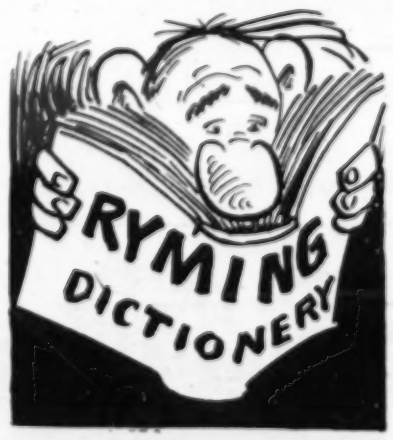
With the help of a machinist here, Smith made up a model. Lt. John A. Hildebrand, piloting an AT-11, tested it by dropping it with a 24-foot yellow parachute from 800 feet while flying at 153 mph. Exactly 38 seconds later the 150-pound dummy cargo attached to the chute hit the ground and the chute fell to one side completely detached.

The importance of the device is that equipment, food and other material will remain exactly where they hit the ground and will not be damaged by being dragged by the chute when strong winds are blowing. It is also possible to use the invention in a modified form as a safety device to free crewmen from parachutes on impact when the men are forced to jump into water.

—S/Sgt. JIMMY PITT

WIN A WAR BOND!

$10 to $500

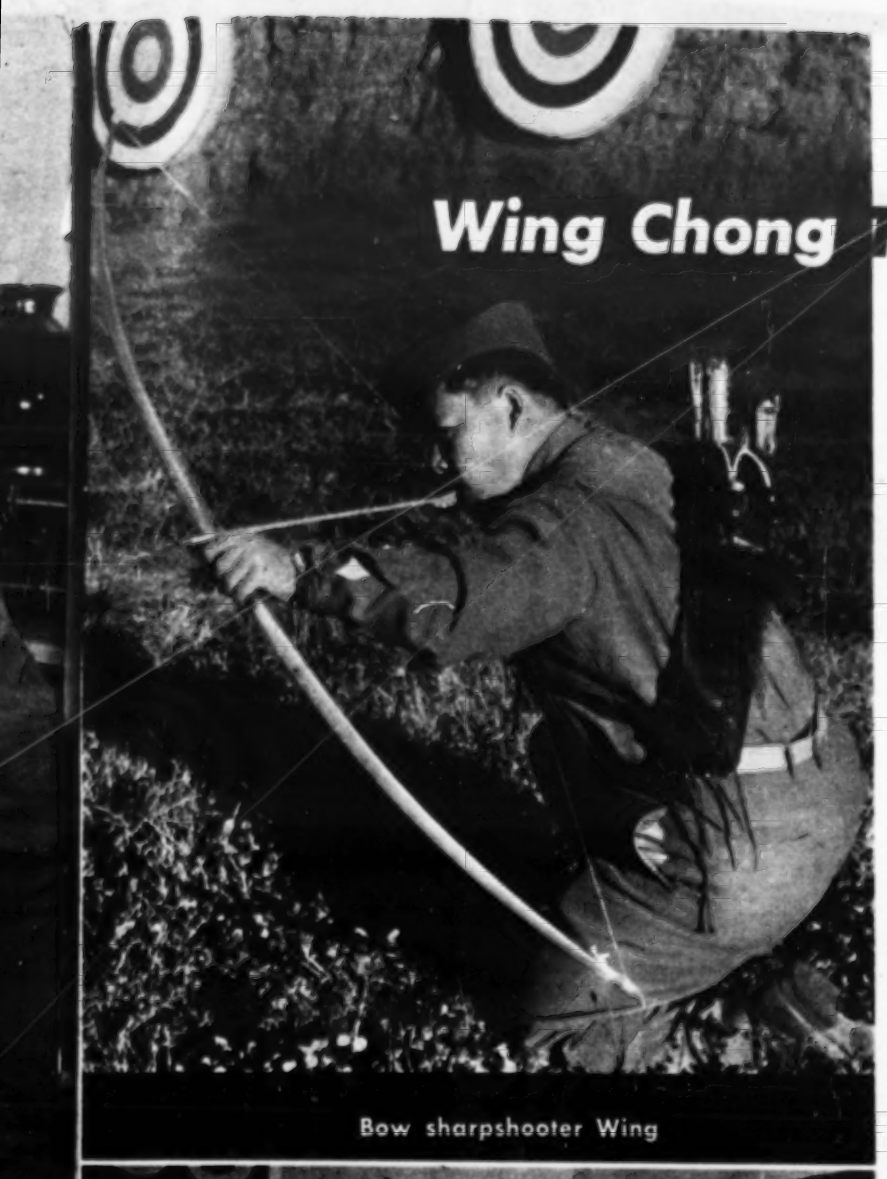


All you have to do is write a GI parody to a popular tune. Just set your own words, written on a subject of Army life, to any well-known tune. Tie KP to "Dinah" or guard duty to "Mairzie Doats." Simply follow the rules listed below and you may win anywhere from 10 to 500 dollars in War Bonds.

These Are the Rules

1. Parodies must be mailed by Mar. 1, 1945.
2. Entries must be original parodies, suitable for reprinting, written by enlisted men or women of the U. S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps. Do not send music; *send only parody and name of song parodied.*
3. Parodies must be based on complete choruses of well-known tunes only.
4. Individuals may send as many entries as they like. In case of duplicate parodies, only the first arrival will be accepted.
5. Parodies must have a service or war subject. All parodies will become the property of the U. S. Army. Entries will not be returned.
6. Judges will be enlisted personnel of YANK, The Army Weekly, and of Music Section, Special Service Division. Judges' decisions will be final.
7. Address all entries to Parody Contest Editor, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., U.S.A.
8. Winners will be announced in a May 1945 issue of YANK.
9. Include U. S. address to which you wish prize sent. BONDS WILL BE MADE OUT ONLY TO ADDRESSES WITHIN THE U. S. IF YOU'RE OVERSEAS BE SURE YOU INCLUDE HOME ADDRESS AND NAME OF PERSON IN CARE OF WHOM YOU WANT YOUR BOND SENT.
10. Violation of any of the above rules will eliminate entry.

Prizes will be awarded as follows: Prize-winning parody—one $500 War Bond; five next best parodies—one $100 War Bond each; next 10—one $50 War Bond each; next 25—one $25 War Bond each; next 50—one $10 War Bond each.



Bow sharpshooter Wing

Wing Chong Tom Heap Marksman

Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—Pvt. Wing Chong Tom, Section 1 ROM student, was an enthusiastic field archer before he was inducted. As a hunter he has killed deer and wild boar with his bow and arrow, but he also can break balloons and moving clay pigeons, and do other trick feats of marksmanship with which archers amuse themselves.

"While on a hunting trip with bow and arrow several years ago," said the 24-year-old Chinese-born soldier, "some Eastern tourists mistook me for an Indian. They asked me what tribe I belonged to, so for a gag I answered, 'Cheyenne.' The nickname has stuck to me ever since."

Born in Hoi Ping, Kwangtung, China, Pvt. Tom returned from a four-year visit to his native land in 1939. The son of an Atlanta (Ga.) physician, he spoke only English with a Southern accent when he left here, but he picked up five Chinese dialects and a smattering of Japanese, Filipino, Spanish and French during his stay.

Wing Chong (that part of his name means 'Fortunate Forever') was in Canton when the Jap Zeros strafed civilians in the streets. He saw enough of them to develop an intense personal hatred of our Asiatic enemy.

Entering the Army on D-Day directly from the University of California, Wing Chong became a naturalized American citizen as soon as he was eligible.

He is a graduate of the Curtis-Wright Aeronautical Institute of Technology, Glendale, Calif., and plans to follow engineering as a career. During his free time, Pvt. Tom is conducting classes in the Cantonese dialect at the Service Club. He is also assisting the students of the Mandarin dialect whose classes were discontinued when their Chinese instructor was shipped out some weeks ago.

"My secret ambition while at this post," Pvt. Tom confessed, "is to have a pow-wow with a Sioux Indian chief and go hunting with him, using bows and arrows." —Sgt. HARRY McEVOY

BIG SHOW. Camouflaged as a barker, T-5 Herman Silver poses by a cage in "The Circus," newest recreation building at Camp Kilmer, N. J.

Dreamy Sergeant Rouses Men

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—After seeing that his men were bedded down comfortably for the night while on a field problem here recently, T/Sgt. Harlan Engle stretched out himself.

During the night a runner came down from headquarters with an order for Engle to have his platoon roll their field packs and prepare to shove off. Still drowsy, he gave the order to his men and, after considerable muttering and fumbling in the darkness, the platoon was all set to go.

After checking to see that each man had rolled his pack and left nothing behind, Sgt. Engle reported to his CO that his platoon was ready to move out. With a startled look on his face, the CO replied that nobody was leaving until the following morning.

"I must have been dreaming," said Engle with a hearty laugh as he told his men to unroll their packs again. The men stretched out to continue their rest, but they didn't laugh; Engle's dream was a nightmare to them. —Sgt. CARL RITTER

WAC WINNERS. The McClellan *Cycle*, post paper of Fort McClellan, Ala., sponsored a "prettiest Wac" contest and the two young ladies pictured above were winners. Pfc. Florine S. Williams (left), an Anniston (Ala.) girl, is in the Medics, and T-5 Shirley H. Wearye (right) of Baton Rouge, La., drives a truck.

MOTOR POOL MATERNITY WARD

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—The sergeant, an inspector at the Motor Pool here, walked over to Pfc. Julius Dobler of Fairfield, Conn. "We've got a little spare time," the sergeant said. "Let's fix up that old Dodge truck." It looked like a routine repair job. As it turned out, it wasn't.

Dobler walked down to the far end of the lot where the old truck stood and opened the door of the cab. Then he jumped back. Yowling and spitting, out rushed a good-sized wildcat and took off into the brush.

Further inspection of the cab showed that Mama Wildcat had evidently chosen the driver's seat for a lying-in hospital. There on the seat were two baby wildcats.

The Motor Pool boys immediately made extensive plans for the adoption and care of the babes, but Mama Wildcat fooled them again. She returned that night and carried off her family.

GI Bulldozed Into MP's Hands

Camp Anza, Calif.—One of the GIs here tried to leave camp by jumping a fence, but ran into something he didn't bargain for. As soon as he got over the fence he was immediately challenged by a ferocious bull that chased him all over the field.

Too frightened to jump back to safety, the GI ran around in a circle with the bull right on his tail. Becoming tired he hollered for help, knowing that there was an MP station not far away.

T/Sgt. Victor E. Brittain of the MPs came to his rescue, but before the victim could thank him, the sergeant arrested him for leaving camp without a pass. —Pfc. MAX YAWITZ

Fire in Locker Gigs Wiley

Fort Lewis, Wash.—While the officer and the accompanying sergeant were looking over his locker during an inspection, Pvt. William V. Wiley, trainee in the Advanced Reconditioning Section at Madigan General Hospital, heard a series of sniffs and snorts. Finally the sergeant said, "I've got it, sir!"

Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, Pvt. Wiley turned his head in time to see the sergeant withdraw a smoldering butt can from the depths of his locker. A butt tossed into it just before inspection had set fire to a piece of string.

The gig sheet told the story in terse military language: "Pvt. Wiley—fire in wall locker."

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort Bragg, N. C.—Cpl. Roy Kammerman, who writes a column for the *Observation Post*, reports that a second lieutenant in Headquarters Battery was accorded an unusual honor on Special Orders No. 259, paragraph 28, as "Custodian of the Lapel Buttons."

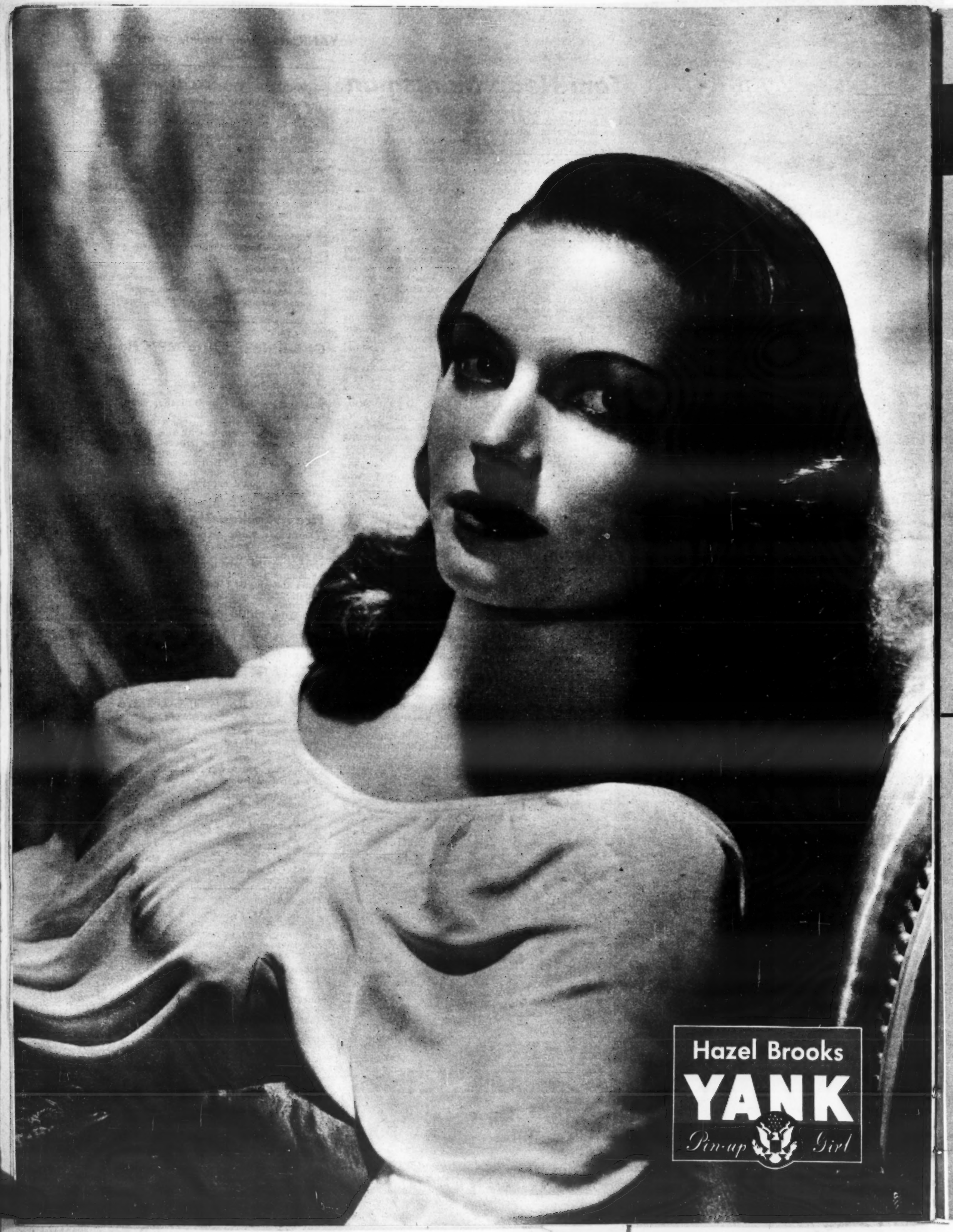
Fort Monmouth, N. J.—A busload of GIs in the terminal at Red Bank was startled one night recently to hear a feminine voice say, "Will you wait a minute till I get my clothes on?" While 50 GIs twisted their necks out of joint, a laundress climbed aboard with a basket of clothes.

Mitchel Field, L. I.—Because chlorine discolors metal, GIs entering the post's gas chamber here deposit their watches and rings in an old cigar box outside. It is labeled, "Ye Hempstead Economy Pawnshop."

Sturgis AAF, Ky.—From a notice posted on the bulletin board here: "BARRACKS BAGS, CLOTHES AND SHOES WILL BE ARRANGED IN THEIR PROPER ORDER RATHER THAN BEING CONSTREWED ABOUT THE BUNK AREA . . ."

Bainbridge AAF, Ga.—An aviation trainee on furlough wired his CO, "Striving valiantly toward matrimony, numerous obstacles to be hurdled. Badly need five-day furlough and your blessings. We do or we don't, up to you." Proof that his CO was a regular was revealed in the telegram sent in reply: "We do. Five-day extension granted."

San Diego NTC, Calif.—Bryce Sardiga, Y1c, USNR, an instructor in the Class B Stenography School here, is believed to be the first man in the Navy to receive a master's degree by completing his studies through correspondence. Hardin-Simmons University awarded him the M.A. degree after he had completed a course in personnel management. He also holds a Doctor of Commercial Science degree. Sardiga formerly headed the department of commerce at East Central Junior College, Decatur, Miss.


Hazel Brooks
YANK
Pin-up Girl

NAVY NOTES

NAVY MAIL. There's a new system of handling mail. In the old days, when you were put on a draft and headed for a new address, mail arriving at your old address was often returned to the sender while mail arriving at your new address was returned before you got there to claim it.

Now every sailor, coast guardsman and Marine leaving an activity within the U. S. is required to fill out 4 or more cards to provide his correspondents, magazine and newspaper publishers with his new address. The last CO and the new one each gets a card, so mail can be forwarded from the old, and held up at the new, address.

In the past, mail often took a while to catch up with a man after he left the States. Now it is hoped that mail will greet him on his arrival overseas.

Heads Up. The following safety suggestion comes from *Cargo Hook*, a Seabee publication:

"If you see a bomb dropping, hold up a pencil or straight stick. Sight along the pencil at the falling bomb. If you see the bomb drift off to either side or over the top, you can relax. That bomb will miss you. But if you don't see the bomb drift off—if the pencil masks it—the bomb is falling in line with you. It may . . ."

Maestro in Boots. Buddy Clarke, crooner and dance-band leader, has to begin all over again. After serving as a lieutenant in the Merchant Marine in charge of a stage and radio outfit stationed at St. Petersburg, Fla., he received his discharge on a medical survey. But USNR was waiting for him and now he's an AS at Bainbridge, Md.—skinhead, boots and all.

Buddy started with George Olson's band in 1933 and has been in the big time ever since with his own outfit on stage, radio and records.

As an M-1 (Maritime Man) he will have only four weeks of recruit training, then probably go to PI school to get his Specialist (A) rating and wind up on some W & R complement.

South-Sea Diplomat. James E. Bayne was a jeweler in Philadelphia. As a Seabee, Chief Bayne has been making contacts with royalty he hopes will prove valuable after the war.

Bayne landed on Majuro, in the Marshalls, with a Seabee battalion soon after the Marines had purged the island of Japs. The natives were friendly and a valuable source of labor. But there came a diplomatic impasse: Their Majesties, the King and Queen, refused to yield the cloth badges the Japs had given them to designate their office.

Chief Bayne salvaged some scraps of brass and with them, the situation. He fashioned the brass into policemen's badges, beveled the edges, inscribed them in ornate script, and brought them to a high polish. Their Majesties were delighted, and when Bayne reopens his jewelry store in Philadelphia after the war, it will be: "Jeweler, By Appointment to the King and Queen of Majuro."

Eighth Needle. Remember those seven needles back in boots? Well, the Medical Dept. at Bainbridge, Md., has announced proudly, and somewhat grimly, a new one.

"In the last few months," a member of the staff declared, "we think we have developed a method by which we can vaccinate against streptococcal infections. Use of vaccination may replace daily administration of sulfadiazine tablets, now in use as a safeguard against contracting such strep diseases as scarlet fever and strep sore throat. We must make the experiment on thousands, however, before we can make any promises, but it is safe to say that we have found that vaccinations have resulted in a significant reduction in the number of infections. That is very promising."

The MDs have not specified whether it will be administered with the square or the propeller needle.

Newsreel Reunion. Paul Framhein is one of a very few fathers who has seen his son fighting on a war front. The son, Coast Guardsman Bernard V. Framhein S1c of Staten Island, N. Y., had been in the Pacific for some time, and his letters suggested he might be seeing action soon.

Watching a newsreel of operations on Guam in a Staten Island movie theater, Paul thought he recognized Bernard in a landing craft. At the Film Center in Manhattan he was given a private showing and recognized his son again. The projector was stopped and the film brought into larger focus. There was no mistake about it. Proud father Paul had enlargements made and sent some to his son. It was 19-year-old Bernard's third action.

New Regulations. Waves and Spars may now volunteer for duty outside the limits of the U. S., but only within the American Area (North and South America), Hawaii and Alaska. Duty will be for a minimum of 18 months, with no leaves granted for return to the States. . . . Non-rated Waves may now wear seaman stripes for first and second class. They are similar to the sailor's but are worn in the position of a rating badge on the left arm and resemble hash marks. . . . Expenses for emergency medical and hospital treatment obtained from civilian sources by enlisted personnel of the Navy and Marine Corps while on leave or liberty may now be defrayed by the Navy Dept. when no government medical aid is available. Permission must be granted by your CO by telephone or telegraph. . . . Flowers may not be ordered through an overseas florist for delivery in the U. S.—it would reveal location. Orders can be made by direct correspondence or by use of the Army Exchange Service gift catalogues. . . . Personnel wounded in action or otherwise disabled while serving overseas may now be transferred at government expense from a naval hospital in the continental U. S. to one nearer their home where they may be granted convalescent leave, if such transfer will assist in recovery or adjustment. —DONALD NUGENT S1c

"No! Can't you see I'm busy?"

—Sgt. Al Kaelin

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

WILL S/Sgt. WADE H. AKRIDGE, once of Btry. B, 357th AAA SL Bn., Orlando, Fla., write T-5 Louis A. Gagnon. . . . EUGENE BENSON, at Camp Callan in April 1943: write Sgt. Louis G. Whitescarver. . . . BUFORD BRADY of Rawick, Ky.: write Pvt. Joe E. Bowman. . . . Sgt. ROBERT L. CARR of San Luis Obispo, Calif., member of Merrill's Marauders: write Pfc. Edward B. Rayner. . . . Pvt. LAWRENCE COOLING, with the 123d FA in Tennessee (1941): write Pfc. Frank P. Buczynski. . . . Lt. JOHN FITZGERALD, 0691179, at APO 650: write Pfc. Hollis E. Cole. . . . Lt. RICHARD H. FITZGERALD, once at Camp Hood, Tex.: write Pvt. P. M. Griffin. . . . A. J. FORD, last heard of at Groam Field, Boise, Idaho: write R. J. Ford S1c. . . . Pvt. TROY GARNER, last heard of in the Signal Corps in Australia or New Guinea: write your cousin, Sgt. James D. Smith. . . . VINCENT GAZZO and former members of Co. D, 202 ITB, Camp Blanding, Fla.: write Pvt. William D. Cole. . . . Pfc. ELMER GEE, once at Abilene Air Base: write Pfc. Alfred H. Hanlon. . . . Pvt. ELBERT GRASTON: write Pfc. Paul O'Neal. . . . IRA HEWITT, once with the 218 FA: write George DuBose. . . . Lt. PERCY HOWELL, somewhere in India: write Pvt. Stephens Day. . . . Pvt. EDGAR HUSTON, formerly of the Post Fire Dept.: write Cpl. Norman Cascodden. . . . Lt. SAMUEL ABRAHAM JACOBS, at OCS, Fort Benning (1942): write Sgt. H. E. Walpert. . . . WINSTON JOHNSON, formerly of the 40th Air Base, Gowen Field, Idaho: write 1st Sgt. William G. Corpe. . . . Capt. FREDERICK W. JOHNSTON, last heard of at Lake Charles, La. (1942): write Cpl. Robert W. Anderson. . . . Pvt. ARTHUR L. KELLY of Springfield, Ill., last heard of in 2d Army Area, Camp Crowder, Mo.: write John W. Crafton. . . . Pvt. OLIVER G. KRAUSS, once at No. Camp Hood, Tex.: write T-5 Harry Levinson. . . . CURTIS (CURT) McCOY of Ada, Okla., last heard of in India: write Pvt. Frank W. Lovett. . . . BERNARD MEADOWS, with the 82d Paratroopers Div., last heard of in Italy: write Pvt. Carmel Lucos. . . . HARVEY NEWTON, inducted at Fort Logan, Colo., who took basic at Camp Wallace, Tex., July 1942: write Pvt. William Norris. . . . Sgt. JERRY OSINOFF, formerly of Fort Dix AAB: write CWO Joe Gans. . . . Pvt. ALBERT OSLOSKY, 339th Inf., or anyone having any information of his whereabouts: write his brother, Cpl. Henry Oslosky. . . . Pfc. JOHN L. O'TOOLE, at APO 502: write Arthur H. Whitcomb HA1c. . . . DONALD PORTER, last heard of at St. Cloud, Minn. (1940): write S/Sgt. Joe Podawiltz. . . . Sgt. RUSSELL PADGETT, once with Hq. & Hq. Sq., Lowry Field, Colo., and sent to the Southwest Pacific in 1942: write Sgt. Theodore R. Read. . . . MELVIN POISON, 38382624, last heard of in Jefferson Barracks, Mo.: write Cpl. C. M. Bowden. . . . LLOYD POLDMAN, last heard of at Camp Kilmer: write Cpl. R. Obertlik. . . . Lt. E. H. (EGGS) RADIUS: write Lt. S. Forsell. . . . S/Sgt. RED RAFFERTY, last heard of in the SW Pacific in a Service Sq.: write Pfc. A. (Riggy) Rignoli. . . . Pvt. ROBERT ROBSON of New Jersey, last heard of in New Guinea: write Cpl. Kenneth H. Robinson. . . . ROY NEAL RUSSELL: write your brother, Emmett T. Russell. . . . Cpl. A. R. SANFORD, formerly at Fort Monmouth, N. J.: write Cpl. A. G. Kennedy. . . . Sgt. JOSEPH SARCO, last heard of with 479th Transitional Tn. Sq., Georgia: write Pfc. Theodore E. Hill. . . . Pfc. FRANK J. SAVAGE, last heard of in a QM Base Depot outfit in India: write Pvt. Joe O'Connor. . . . Sgt. LUTHER A. SLATTS, last heard of with 461st Bomb. Gp.: write Albert Priest Jr. SC3c. . . . Cpl. ROBERT W. SONNELL: write Pvt. Welmon Osberri, 33644360. . . . ED STEIN and others who took training at Lancaster, Pa., 1942: write Lt. Edward F. Ortowski. . . . Lt. HOWARD H. STEPHENSON of Harrisburg, Ill.: write Cpl. Robert J. Baker. . . . Pvt. RAY STONE, somewhere in New Guinea: write Pvt. Anthony Walter. . . . Sgt. ALBERT R. TAYLER, once in Btry. E with the 76th AA Bn.: write Pvt. Alexander A. S. Lisby. . . . Cpl. RAY TINNEY, last in Post Ordnance, Camp Reynolds, Pa.: write Cpl. Frank Malone. . . . BURTON VANDERCLUTE of New York City, last heard of at Fort Knox (1943): write William N. McQueen S1c. . . . Pvt. ISAIAH VASSAR, once with the 933d AW Bn.: write Pvt. Frederick Chester. . . . M/Sgt. JOSEPH W. WILLIAMS, once stationed in Calif.: write Pfc. Moses S. Jenkins Jr. . . . Pvt. VAN GONZALES VASQUEZ, last heard of at Camp Sill, Okla.: write Johnny Duarte Mejia S1c. . . . Pvt. LOUIS VAUGHN, once in Hawaii: write Pvt. Steve Wilson. . . . Pfc. HARRY N. WADE, last heard of in Italy: write your brother, M. L. Wade, Opr. . . . EMORY C. WILDER, formerly of Albany, Ga.: write Lt. Norris W. Wallace. . . . CLATON WILLIAMS of Waldron, Ark.: write Cpl. Preston T. Raney. . . . Cpl. PAUL WILLIAMS, in the Paratroops, FA Bn.: write Sgt. Ignacio Martinez. . . . M/Sgt. JIMMIE WOODWARD, who was last heard of in the 737th Sig. AW Co. at Tampa, Fla.: write Cpl. Walter L. Ganblin.

EVEN in this day of shrinking distances you might be interested in knowing that Hazel Brooks came all the way from her native Capetown, South Africa, to make good in the U.S.A. She was majoring in philosophy at New York U, we are soberly told by MGM, when a talent scout shanghaied her for the new movie, "Ziegfeld Follies."

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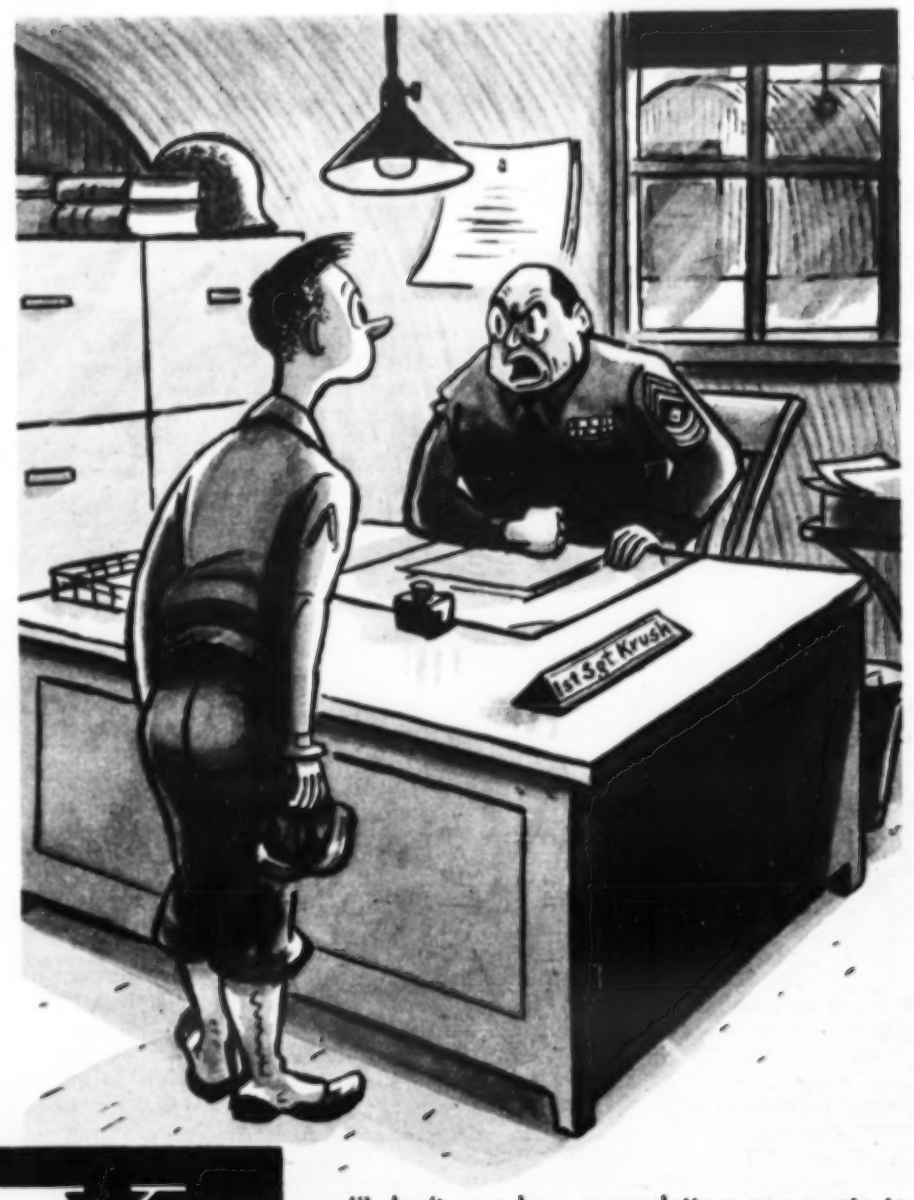
"We might as well, Hermann. We've tried everything else."

—Sgt. Tom Zibelli, Fort Bliss, Tex.



"I don't care how many letters you wrote to Santa Claus—Christmas passes are frozen."

—Cpl. Michael Ponce de Leon, RID, Philadelphia, Pa.

PX

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Special Meeting

THE music ended and the announcer's voice came on. "This program is a regular weekly feature of the 199th Service Command. . . ."

"That's our old service command, girls," said the woman at the desk next to the door, "the sorriest one in the country, next to this one. The 199th Service Command." Her alert, gossipy shallow eyes behind the shining glasses took in the whole room. Something might have happened in the room in the past minute, and she did not want to miss it.

Foley, reading a magazine and suddenly monstrously conscious of his thick eyeglasses, looked over at the marine. The marine was like a pup mastiff, thick-necked, tanned and good-naturedly handsome. His campaign ribbons were a solid square slab on his neat green blouse. The marine was laughing.

The name of the woman at the desk was Louise. Her husband was a bald, dried-out, prematurely aged T-4. He looked like a farmer who was beaten by a poor, debt-ridden farm. Louise called him "my GI husband." He had been stationed at the camp so long, and had lived so long in this town with his wife, that Louise had been made an assistant supervisor in the USO.

Louise was a specialist in the toothsome welcome. Many a soldier was startled upon opening the door to hear a woman with steely eyes shrieking at him, "Hallo, Joe, come awn in and make yessef to home. I'm an Army wife, missèf, and I ain't no recruit."

Louise had charge of the circulating library but she liked the housing service best. Married soldiers recently transferred to camp would register with Louise in order to get living accommodations in town. In this way Louise knew exactly how much each couple was paying for their room and, at the Wednesday afternoon luncheons, Louise was an inexhaustible fund of information. And to her each girl was "Honey."

Foley had often wondered what a real soldier from overseas would think if he ever saw this place. A pack of silly hens knifing each other, knitting, sewing and dueling while waiting for their husbands with the blue-and-white patches on their shoulders. Well, here was the answer: the big marine back from overseas.

Foley braced himself as the marine came walking toward him. Service-command commando or not, Foley was determined not to be patronized, even though the guy was a marine.

The marine smiled. Strong, even, white teeth in a warm tanned face. "Shoot a little pool, brother?" the marine asked easily.

"I'm your man," Foley got up with a smile.

Louise screamed from the desk, "Okay, girls, all upstairs now. Special meeting of the USO ladies. Everybody upstairs on the double, everybody upstairs on the double."

Foley and the marine looked at each other and laughed.

Camp Ellis, Ill. —Pfc. RAYMOND BOYLE

NOCTURNE

The world is filled with dying light,
The streets are shadow-filled,
The busy town is hushed at night,
The working hands are stilled.

The stars slink out of their gloomy dens,
A silent watch to keep;
From somewhere comes the sound of guns.
My mother will not sleep.

Camp Wheeler, Ga. —Cpl. JEROME HOFFMAN

College Private

I AM the only man from my college who is a private in the Army. There are a few buck sergeants, several staffs, techs, masters and top kicks, loads of lieutenants and a reasonable number of captains, majors and colonels.

I know it sounds a little peculiar to say that some of the fellows I helped through history, psychology and philosophy are big-time brass now, but it will be even more peculiar when some of us, myself included, return to college to finish up.

I can almost visualize what will happen. I can see myself walking nonchalantly down the corridors or across the lawn while the students and faculty point at me and whisper to each other, "That's Friedman, the only private this college had." I will be pointed out to visiting football teams, PTA conventions, the Teachers Institute, and the old grads at their annual reunion.

When an issue of world importance is discussed in class, the professor will probably ask me how the rank and file of the Army feel about it. The rank and file throughout the world has come a long way in the last few years and its opinions are mighty important.

The lads who were first and second looies will come around and give me the buddy act about how they weren't really tough, it was just pressure on them from the higher brass. And they'll end up with "How about briefing us on the next exam? You're read up on it."

Every once in a while an ex-captain or ex-major will confidentially ask how the stripeless GIs really felt about them.

I will be invited to address the Psychology Club on "The Relationship of Heredity to Rank," the Biology Society on "The Animal Nature of a Lowly Field Soldier," the Chamber of Higher Philosophy on "Fate as a Determinating Factor," the Literary Forum on "Folkway Expressions in the Third Platoon" and the Ethical Assembly on "The Mores of Nonentities."

I will also be one-half of a debate sponsored by the combined YMCA and YWCA: "Can Christian Charity Move the Privates to Forgiveness?"

I will be asked to give the common man's point of view by every inquiring reporter and at every symposium, and the local Ditch Diggers and Sewage Disposal Union will formally present me with an honorary membership card.

I look for a stimulating social life. I expect there will be some very pretty girls on the campus, smitten with sympathy for the underdog, who will wave the ex-stripes and brass away with the democratic declaration: "You fellows had your own way in wartime. You had exclusive rights to all the ritz and glamour. Now let's give the boys who got pushed around some affection. Private Friedman is the man for us!"

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. —Pvt. R. FRIEDMAN

AIRBASE

Not runways, these are concrete
Arms stretching out to engulf
The countryside with the spitting,
Hurtling steel-sheathed avengers
They daily hurl from their bosom.
This base cannot die, for we
In our right have given it life.

Lincoln AAF, Nebr. —Pfc. SAMUEL NAPARSTEK

GI All-American Team—1944

SELECTED BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Position	Player and Team	Height	Weight	College
E*	Sgt. JACK RUSSELL, Randolph Field, Tex.	6-1	215	Baylor
T	Lt. (jg) JOSEPH STYDAHAR, Fleet City Navy, Calif.	6-4	260	W. Virginia
G*	GARRARD RAMSEY SP(A)1c, Bainbridge Navy, Md.	6-1	195	Wm. & Mary
C	A/C GEORGE STROHMEYER, Iowa Pre-Flight	5-9	205	Texas A & M
G	RUSSELL LETLOW CSP, Camp Peary, Va.	6-2	230	San Francisco
T	Ens. JOHN WOUDENBERG, St. Mary's Pre-Flight, Calif.	6-3	220	Colo. College
E	Lt. NICK SUSOEFF, Second Air Force	6-1	210	Wash. State
B**	A/C OTTO GRAHAM, North Carolina Pre-Flight	6-0	190	Northwestern
B	Sgt. CHARLES TRIPPI, Third Air Force	5-11	185	Georgia
B	Lt. WILLIAM DUDLEY, Randolph Field, Tex.	6-0	185	Virginia
B*	Lt. LEONARD ESHMONT, Norman Navy, Okla.	5-11	180	Fordham

*Selected on 1943 All-Service team.

**Selected on 1943 All-College team.

Second Team

ENDS—Pvt. Kenneth Whitney, Fort Warren, Wyo. (Xavier of New Orleans) and Lt. Charles Perdue, St. Mary's Pre-Flight (Duke).

TACKLES—Vic Schleich Sp2c, Iowa Pre-Flight (Nebraska) and Donald Cohenour BM1c, Fort Pierce Navy, Fla. (Texas).

GUARDS—Morris Klein AS, Great Lakes Navy, Ill. (Miami) and Harold Jungmichael CSP, San Diego Navy, Calif. (Texas).

CENTER—Pvt. Thomas Robertson, Randolph Field, Tex. (Brooklyn Dodgers).

BACKS—Charles Justice SP(A)2c, Bainbridge Navy (Asheville High School, N. C.); Lt. Jack Jacobs, Fourth Air Force (Oklahoma); Ens. William Daley, Fort Pierce Navy (Minnesota-Michigan), and Lt. Glenn Dobbs, Second Air Force (Tulsa).

ESHMONT made the Norman ground attack a feared weapon. He was also a tremendous kicker and an accurate passer. Starred at Del-Monte last year. Age: 27.

STROHMEYER played on two service teams, Iowa Pre-Flight and Norman. It was at Iowa that he earned his reputation as the best service center in country. Age: 20.

RAMSEY, Bainbridge guard, is an old hand at winning All-American honors. He made college team in 1942 at William & Mary, All-Service team in '43. Age: 23.

WOUDENBERG was 220 pounds of dynamite in the St. Mary's line. Few gains were made over his tackle. Won his football spurs at Colorado College. Age: 26.

SUSOEFF, Second Air Force end, could make any passer look like a genius. He pulled passes out of the thin air all season. Especially good on covering kicks. Age: 23.

DUDLEY, a flight instructor at Randolph Field, also appeared to be an assistant coach on the football field. He ran, passed, punted, kicked off, caught passes, intercepted passes, kicked extra points, played safety and called signals. At Virginia, he set an all-time collegiate scoring record with 134 points and later topped the Professional League in yardage. Truly an All-Everything. Age: 23.

GRAHAM, N. C. Pre-Flight triple-threater, whipped the powerful Navy team single-handed. He made the college All-American at Northwestern last year. Age: 22.

TRIPPI usually gained more than twice the length of field on runs, passes. Ran or passed for two touchdowns and averaged 40 yards on punts. Age: 23.

LETLOW was a rock in the Camp Peary line. Opponents seldom dared to gain through this guard. Once played pro ball for the Green Bay Packers. Age: 30.

STYDAHAR, a mature veteran who once played with the Chicago Bears, could take care of one side of the Fleet City line by himself, often did. Age: 32.

RUSSELL, playing end on the undefeated Randolph Field Ramblers, was even greater than last year when he made All-Service team at Blackland AAF. Age: 25.

"IT'S OUR HUGO, HOME FOR CHRISTMAS!"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"PVT. CLAUS SEEMS TO HAVE GONE AWOL, SIR."
—Sgt. Al Kaelin

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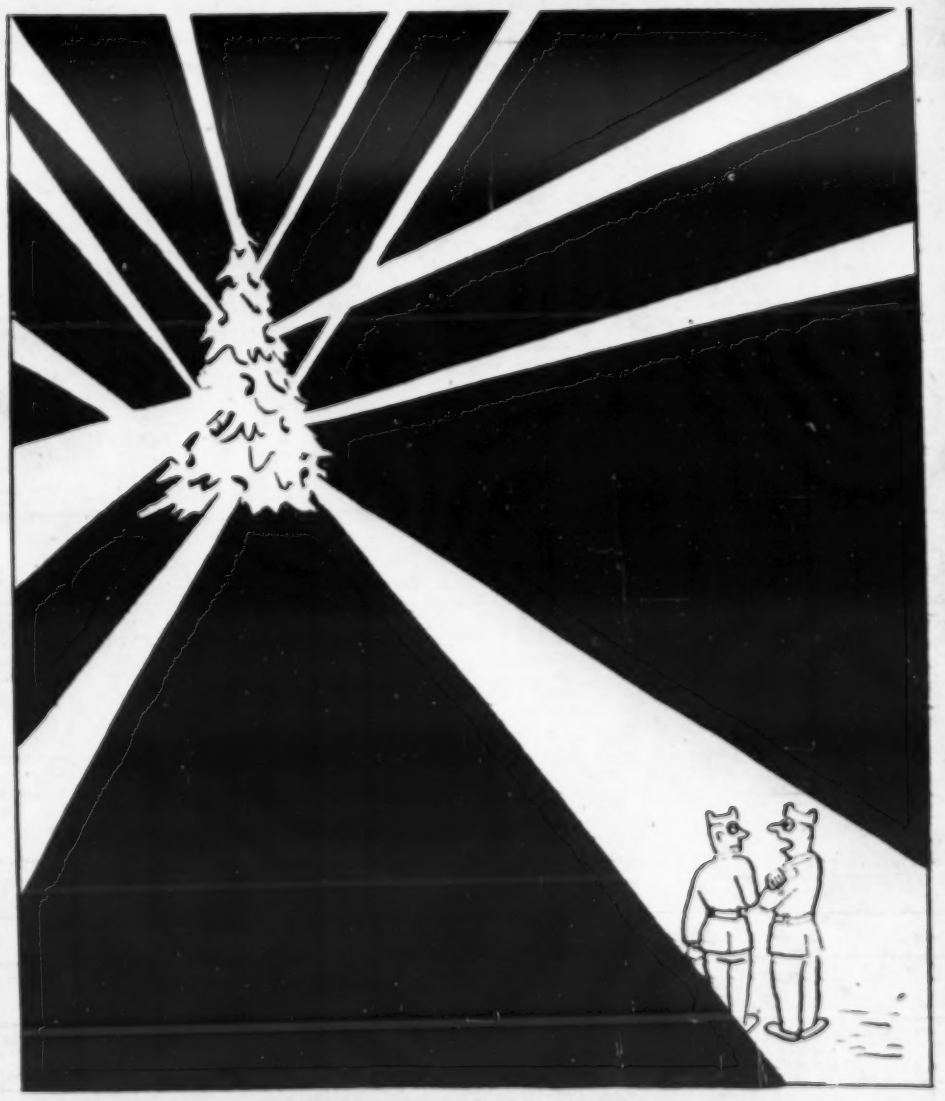
THE ARMY WEEKLY

—Sgt. Frank Brandt



"THAT SEARCHLIGHT OUTFIT. THEY PUT LIGHTS ON THEIR TREE."
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm